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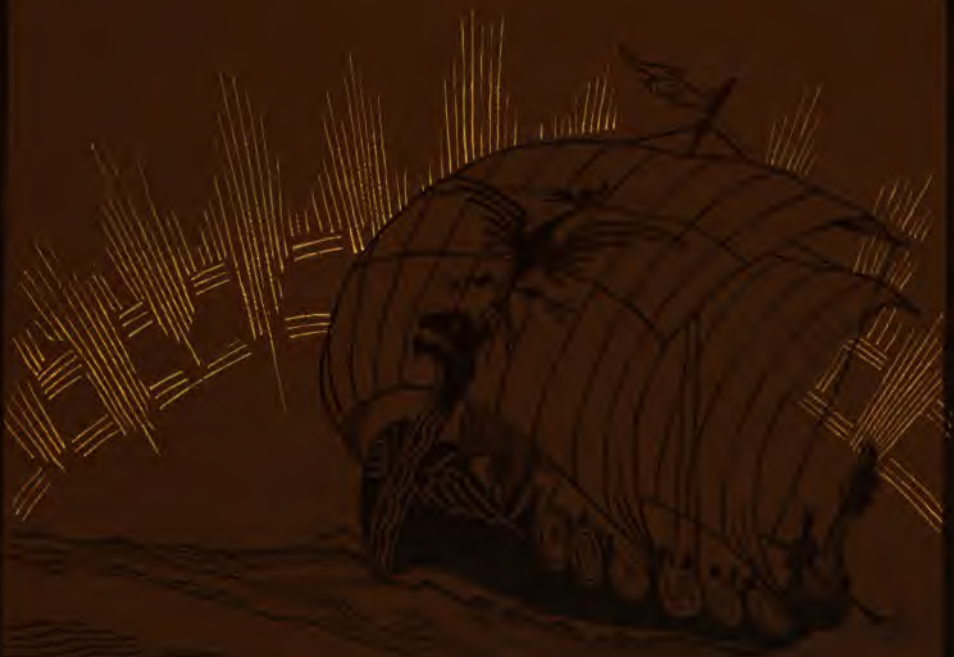

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A VOYAGE TO VIKING-LAND

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WRITINGS OF

Thomas Sedgwick Steele.

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HARDANGER COSTUME.

"A sort of bonnet, with a white starched fluted apron at the back, which in many undulations rippled down almost to their waists, like their own happy waterfalls."

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A VOYAGE TO VIKING-LAND

BY

THOMAS SEDGWICK STEELE

AUTHOR OF "CANOE AND CAMERA,"
"PADDLE AND PORTAGE," ETC.

EIGHTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS

ALSO

MAP OF NORWAY AND
SPITZBERGEN

BOSTON
ESTES AND LAURIAT
1896

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages are all an "introduction" to one of the loveliest countries of the Old World which it has been the pleasure of the writer to visit. It is the itinerary of a most delightful voyage along the coast of Norway of a happy party of tourists, who, on pleasure bent, were blessed with an excellent steamer, fine weather, good appetites, and a capacity for enjoyment only limited by the daily supply which the circumstances offered.

It was like cruising in one's own yacht, without its responsibilities and cares. The glories of the silent fjords, the wonderful glaciers, and the majestic waterfalls, were seen to their very best advantage, while few tourists to this region obtain such unobstructed views of the splendours of the midnight sun. With the exception of the portraits, almost all of the illustrations are reproduced from photographs taken by the writer on the trip, the larger portion from the steamer's deck while sailing through the fjords, and along the shores.

T. S. S.

Hartford, Conn.

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Dedication

TO MY DAUGHTER

ANNIE LEE STEELE

WHO BY HER

ENTHUSIASM OVER NORWAY'S MAGNIFICENT SCENERY

CONTRIBUTED NO SMALL PART TO HER

FATHER'S ENJOYMENT

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

THOMAS SEDGWICK STEELE

Hartford, Conn., 1896.

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

FROM

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE VOYAGE

AND A MAP OF

NORWAY AND SPITZBERGEN

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OSCAR II. AND WIFE.
King and Queen of Norway and Sweden.

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NORWAY'S FLAG.

(DET NORSKE FLAG.)

Carl Warmuth.

Translation from Norse by Auber Forestier.

"THE North Sea is lashing the rock-bound strand,
Our proud recollection awaking,
Of dragons it bore to the far-off land,
The fame of our forefathers' making.
Up, Northmen! strike till your harp-strings ring,
A song for Norway's young flag sing!

"Thou flow'r of the palm, on the free soil found,
Tri-coloured and beautiful flower!
The cross there of white on the blood-red ground,
From Danebrog that was thy dower;
The heart's own leaf, though of dusky blue,
From freedom's marrow first it grew.

"From heaven the Danebrog flag fell down,
Thro' ages the twin nation's glory!
In war, and in peace, 'twas the Dragon's crown,
Aglow with good fortune in story.
O Norway's flag! to thyself be true,
Nor lose thy heart-leaf of dusky blue."

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

Introduction vii

Dedication ix

Poem, "Norway's Flag" xiii

CHAPTER I.

Arrival at Mouth of the Elbe on the Steamship *Normannia* from New York.— We Change to the Steamship *Augusta Victoria*.— Kiel Canal. — Crossing the North Sea. — Congenial Society on Board.— Artistic *Menus*. — The Naphtha Launches. — A Grand Thunder Storm. — Entrance to Hardanger Fjord. — Wild and Solemn Scenery. — Glaciers. — A Scotchman's Idea of Perpetual Day. — Arrival at Odde. 1

CHAPTER II.

Odde. — A Tonsorial Artist's Misfortune. — Carrioles and Stolkjaerres. — Shopping. — Money of Norway. — The Buarbrae Glacier. — The Hardanger Costume. — Skis. — Death of Astrup. — The Drive to the Laatefos. — The Espelandsfos. — The Skjaeggedalsfos. — An Aerial Railway. — The National Hymn. — We Leave Odde 15

CHAPTER III.

Troublesome Persistence of Daylight. — Picturesque Molde. — A Surprise in the Climate. — Our Only Rainy Day. — Trondhjem. — Celebration of July 4th. — Salute from an English Man-of-war.

Digitized by Google

PAGE

— Trondhjem Cathedral. — Display of Curios and Enamel Wares at the Shops of Trondhjem 43

CHAPTER IV.

Good-by to Trondhjem. — A Romance of the Altenfjord. — Ingoe and Its Whales. — First Sight of Laplanders. — A Legend of Norway's Origin. — Bird Island. — The Open Polar Sea and Its Explorers. — Arrival at North Cape. — Celebrating the Event. — Stars and Stripes First on Shore. — Ascension of the Rock. — Snowballing while Surrounded by Flowers 61

CHAPTER V.

Hammerfest, the World's Northernmost Town. — Electric Lights and Telegraph North of Latitude 70 Degrees. — Cigars Lit at Midnight by a Sun-glass. — The Norwegian Character. — Glories and Glaciers of Lyngen Fjord. — Tromsöe. — Visiting a Lapp Camp. — A Herd of Reindeer. — Extent of Lapland and the Origin of the Race. — Chasing the Midnight Sun in a Naphtha Launch. — Eyes Wearied by Continual Day. — Congratulations Received from the Kings of Norway and Germany 83

CHAPTER VI.

Solemn, Sublime, and Beautiful Views along the Lofoten Islands. — The Midnight Sun. — A Wonderful Display. — Digermulen. — Strange Feed for Horses. — Geiranger Fjord. — Seven Sister Falls. — Maraak. — Its Falls and Its Flowers. — Possibilities for Roof Gardens 115

CHAPTER VII.

Aalesund. — Sogne Fjord. — Naeröe Fjord. — Regret at Leaving

Digitized by Google

PAGE

the Fjords. — Characteristics of Norwegian Scenery. — Gudvangen. — The Drive to Stalheim. — The Kilefos. — Grand View from Stalheim. — On the Road to Vossevangen. — Dinner at Fleicher's Hotel. — Reindeer Meat. — "Mysost." — Travelling through a Flute. — Arrival at Bergen 139

CHAPTER VIII.

Bergen, Ancient and Modern. — Shopping for Souvenirs. — The Children and Their Schools. — The Markets. — The Hanseatic Museum. — Fantoft Church. — Lovely Drives and Jehu's Skill. — Ole Bull's Grave. — Speeding the Parting Guest. — The Captain's Dinner. — Poem by William Allen Butler, "The Captain's Chase of the Midnight Sun." — Good-by to Norway 165

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
MAP OF NORWAY AND SPITZBERGEN	
THE HARDANGER COSTUME (See p. 24.) . . .	*Frontispiece.*
OSCAR II. AND WIFE. King and Queen of Norway and Sweden .	xi
OFF FOR VIKING-LAND	3
"FIRST A SMALL ISLAND RAISED ITS ROCKY HEAD ON THE PORT"	7
HARDANGER FJORD, NEAR ODDE	9
ALONG THE FJORD	11
A NORWEGIAN "MAUD MÜLLER"	13
ODDE FROM STEAMER'S DECK, HEAD OF HARDANGER FJORD .	17
NORWEGIAN COPPER AND SILVER COINS	19
A CARRIOLE	20
"AND INTO THE FIELDS, WHERE SOME MAIDENS WERE MAKING HAY"	21
A STOLKJAERRE	23
LAKE SANDVENSVAND FROM BUAR	24
BUARBRAE GLACIER. "And we waited until an old woman, bearing a bundle of fagots, was half-way over before we 'pressed the button.'"	25
SKIS — NORWEGIAN SNOWSHOES	28
ROAD FROM ODDE TO THE LAATEFOS	29
THE LAATEFOS	33
THE ESPELANDSFOS	35
AN AERIAL RAILWAY	36
"HE IS RISEN, HE IS NOT HERE"	41
MOLDE	45

Digitized by Google

PAGE

"Flag Parade" July 4th 49
British Man-of-War Saluting our National Holiday . 51
Trondhjem. — Little Lerfos on Nid River 54
The Store Lerfos on Nid River 55
Decorated Wood Tankard 57
A Mountaineer 59
Ingoe, a Whaling Station 63
Laplanders, "About Their White Canvas Tents" . . 67
Reindeer. "A wonderful creature, half cow, half deer, which was to nourish man with milk, butter, and flesh, and clothe him with its furry skin" 71
Svaerholtklubben, or Bird Island 75
North Cape 77
A Lapp Boy 81
Hammerfest, the Northernmost Town in the World . . 85
Entrance to Hammerfest Harbour. "Fishing-boats engaged in the cod-liver oil business, which is the most valuable enterprise of the place" 87
Souvenirs of the Whale 88
"There Were Mountains Piled Upon Mountains" . . 89
Lyngen Fjord. "And an immense glacier of unusual size and whiteness pushed its frozen river almost to the edge of the fjord" 93
A Street in Tromsöe 95
Laplanders. "Some of whom he was obliged to catch 'on the wing.'". 96
Tromsöe 97
"Many of the Lapps Clustered About the Ship in Their Boats" 99
Visitors from the Town 100
Laplanders Fishing on Tromsöe Sund 101
Laplander Knives and Sheaths 103
The Lapp Encampment 105
Spoon of Reindeer Horn Carved by Laplanders . . 107
Maraak from the Fjord 109

Digitized by Google

PAGE

MIDNIGHT SUN OFF TROMSÖE HARBOUR 111
A FISHER GIRL FROM THE LOFOTEN ISLANDS 113
OFF LOFOTEN ISLANDS 116
"OUR GREAT STEAMER SEEMED VERY SMALL IN COMPARISON AS WE SAILED ALONG IN THE SHADOWS OF THESE 'EVERLASTING HILLS'" 117
MIDNIGHT SUN OFF LOFOTEN ISLANDS. "'The God of Day' ruling supreme for the entire twenty-four hours" . . . 121
NAPHTHA LAUNCH TOWING OUR LIFE-BOATS THROUGH THE FJORDS 123
VIEW FROM DIGERMULEN. — OUR STEAMER IN THE FJORD . 124
GEIRANGER FJORD 125
SEVEN SISTER FALLS 129
"THE CHANNEL EXPANDING AND EXPANDING, REVEALING TO OUR EYES ANOTHER SCENE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE LAST" 131
GEIRANGER FJORD. "Imagine then a dark waterway absolutely placid, and in no place more than a few hundred yards wide, bordered on either side by gigantic walls" 133
NORWEGIAN SOLACE 136
A NORWEGIAN BRIDE 137
AALESUND. — A PARTING VIEW 140
"WE SWUNG CLOSE TO THE DOCKS OF THE TOWN OF AALESUND" 141
"AND HUGE GLACIERS REACHED DOWN TO THE FJORD" . . 143
SOGNE FJORD. "Mountains of over five thousand feet overshadowed and mirrored themselves in its waters" 145
NAERÖE FJORD 149
STALHEIM FROM GUDVANGEN. "Reached by sixteen turns of the road, and a happier crowd of mortals cannot be imagined, as, tired and dusty, we at last gained the elevation" . . 151
THE KILEFOS. "Which, from its birth among the great boulders, takes one plunge of over five hundred feet" 153
OFF FOR VOSSEVANGEN 155
FLEICHER'S HOTEL, VOSSEVANGEN 156
THE NAERÖDAL VALLEY FROM STALHEIM 157
VOSSEVANGEN FROM PIAZZA OF FLEICHER'S HOTEL . . . 159

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PAGE

RAILROAD FROM VOSSEVANGEN TO BERGEN. "Which gave one the impression of passing through a flute" 160

"NOWHERE ELSE IN EUROPE DOES THE SNOW-CLAD PEAK RISE DIRECTLY OUT OF THE SEA" 161

A NORWEGIAN YEOMAN 163

BERGEN 167

VIEW OF BERGEN FROM STEAMER 171

BERGEN. — LANDING OF THE NAPHTHA LAUNCHES . . . 173

DECORATED WOODEN MARKET BASKET 174

BERGEN. — ALONG THE DOCKS. 175

NORWEGIAN BRASS-MOUNTED KNIFE 178

BERGEN. — THE MARKET 179

BERGEN. — ALONG THE DOCKS 181

ON THE STRANDGADEN. — PRINCIPAL STREET OF BERGEN . . 183

OLE BULL 185

CARVED WOOD TANKARD. 186

FANTOFT CHURCH. — ERECTED IN 1248 187

BERGEN HARBOUR.—OUR STEAMER ON THE RIGHT OF THE VIEW 189

BERGEN HARBOUR AND FORT BERGENHUS IN THE DISTANCE . 190

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A VOYAGE TO VIKING-LAND.

CHAPTER I.

"Up! up! let us a voyage take;
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the Northern Seas."

Arrival at Mouth of the Elbe on the Steamship *Normannia* from New York. — We Change to the Steamship *Augusta Victoria*. — Kiel Canal. — Crossing the North Sea. — Congenial Society on Board. — Artistic *Menus*. — The Naphtha Launches. — A Grand Thunder Storm. — Entrance to Hardanger Fjord. — Wild and Solemn Scenery. — Glaciers. — A Scotchman's Idea of Perpetual Day. — Arrival at Odde.

It had long been my intention to spend a part of a summer in Norway, but the exigencies of travel had balked my plans until it was only in the summer of 18— that I succeeded in directing my steps to that wonderful land of the midnight sun, and in realizing at last those pleasures so long deferred.

We left New York on board the goodly steamer

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Normannia, and arrived at Cuxshaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, on Friday, June 28th. Many of the passengers changed to the cars, to be landed in Hamburg, but our destination was another country, and, without examination of baggage by the inquisitive custom-house officers, we were transferred to a lighter, and, after a few hours' sail up the river, were landed on board the elegant steamship *Augusta Victoria*, joining, as it afterwards proved, a very merry excursion party for a cruise of 3,570 miles along the coast of Norway.

Just before reaching our steamer, we passed the entrance to the Kiel Canal, whose opening was celebrated with great pomp by the warships of all nations of the earth, and where our own White Squadron was not behind in beauty or armament. The canal is certainly not picturesque from the Elbe, with its great locks and brick-faced banks and low, uninteresting lighthouses on each side, but its moles, locks, and embankments undoubtedly command the closest attention of the engineer through the tiresome and monotonous journey of sixty-four miles. Then off we started for Viking-Land, and from Saturday noon until Sunday morning we were crossing the great North Sea, our forebodings of a rough passage being fortunately not realized.

Seated in our steamer chairs on deck, we had our first

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OFF FOR VIKING-LAND.

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opportunity to study our fellow passengers, with whom we were to be associated for so many days, and to make up our minds as to the society which would be most congenial. We were very fortunate in our party of one hundred and thirty souls, ninety of whom were wide-awake, vivacious, never-behindhand Americans (the last quality very essential), the remainder being good-natured Germans.

Among our number was an ex-secretary of the United States Navy, an ex-minister to Germany, a well-known poet from New York, a professor of a Michigan college, a consul, a celebrated doctor from Boston, artists and authors innumerable, as well as many titled people of Europe.

Four well-served excellent meals per day (to say nothing of the many lunches sent off with the passengers when on shore) appealed to our gastronomic tastes; and for the musical part of our nature a fine band of fourteen pieces had been provided, whose rendering of classical, popular and national airs ("The Bowery from Chinatown" they seemed to think was one of the latter) was the delight of our ears, especially the chorals early Sunday morning, when, half asleep and half awake in our berths, we imagined we were almost anywhere except along the rugged coast of Norway. The daily illuminations of the bills of fare were a work

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of art, the towns, fjords, viking ships and succeeding days' scenes being depicted in water-colours which every one desired to keep as lasting souvenirs of the excursion. Two large naphtha launches were a pleasing addition to the steamer, to which were often attached the life-boats, and, strung out in line, we thus passed through many fjords which would have been inaccessible in any other way. By the above hasty description, it will be seen that we were well provided for Arctic exploration, if company, provisions, music, etc., are the most necessary part of such a voyage; and we are afraid our sympathy for Doctor Kane, Doctor Rae, Greeley, Peary, and others, was not as deep as their circumstances have demanded.

A grand thunder-storm was all that broke the monotony of the sail across the great North Sea; but it was one well worth seeing and remembering, for its dark, pillar-like formation sharp against the uninterrupted horizon, filled with zigzag lightning, riveted all eyes for over half an hour, while on each side of this blackness was the lurid light of the setting sun making the contrast of colour all the more vivid. We were all early on deck the next morning as the great steamer entered the Hardanger Fjord, and realized that we were at last in Norway.

First a small island raised its rocky head on the port,

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then another soon appeared on the starboard side, until at last they were so numerous and close together that they gave one an idea at a distance of a continuous line of shore. Soon a boat made out from one of the islands, and our Norwegian pilot climbed like a cat

"FIRST A SMALL ISLAND RAISED ITS ROCKY HEAD ON THE PORT."

the rope ladder let down to him, and, repairing immediately to the pilot-house, took the wheel; he continued with us during the entire voyage.

This was our first fjord, and, of course, every eye was strained to catch the first beauties which opened before us. Hardanger Fjord is justly celebrated for its beauty

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and grandeur, and for the variety of its scenery. It is enclosed by rocky and precipitous mountains, 3,000 to 5,000 feet in height, often separated from the water by fertile and thickly populated districts, while the huge and spotless snow-mantle of the Folgefond is occasionally to be seen in the background.

This is one of the finest fjords in Norway, some holding it to be the finest, and the constant "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of the assembled passengers on deck attested to their full enjoyment of the many beauties that continually opened before us. Such grand old mountain peaks, coming to a sharp, bold point (just as mountains always should), and not like the oval, unsatisfactory top of Mount Blanc; in fact, this is one of the pleasing peculiarities of the Norway mountains. Then such an innumerable display of waterfalls, not one or even a dozen in sight at once, but hundreds of them coursing down the mountain-sides, any one of which would well repay a visit. Some would be in full view from almost their source to their junction with the fjord,—a distance of hundreds of feet,—while others would meet in their tumble some great projecting rock, to disappear entirely in mist. Between almost all the mountains the river-like glacier appeared, forcing its way along, carrying rocks and trees in its path, ending, on reaching a warm level, in a big waterfall. I could think

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HARDANGER FJORD, NEAR ODDE.

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of nothing that would adequately describe the scene except *sailing* through the wonderful passes of the Alps with the snow-clad mountains towering above one.

At Utne, a small village, we turned into the Soerfjord, which branches off to the south, forming an acute

ALONG THE FJORD.

angle with the Hardanger, only to repeat our experiences. Fearing while at dinner the passengers would lose some of the magnificent scenery through which we were passing, the steamer was "slowed up," so interested were the officers in our enjoyment.

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But the steamer went on and on, every turn in the fjord a delightful surprise, until we anchored, at 10 P. M., at its head off the town of Odde. But, as regards the light necessary for navigation, we had almost entered the region of perpetual day, and felt like the Scotchman in "Thelma," who remarked, "And it's an uncanny business to see the sun losin' a' his poonctooality, and remainin' stock still, as it were, when it's his plain duty to set below the horizon. Mysel', I think it's been fair overrated. It's unnatural, an' 'oot o' the common, say what ye like"

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A NORWEGIAN "MAUD MÜLLER."

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CHAPTER II.

"There lies a fair land 'neath the old glacial snow,
There spring life we find but in narrow clifts low."
— *Björnstjerne Björnson.*

Odde. — A Tonsorial Artist's Misfortune. — Carrioles and Stolkjaerres. — Shopping. — Money of Norway. — Buarbrae Glacier. — The National Costume. — Skis. — Death of Astrup. — The Drive to the Laatefos. — The Espelandsfos. — The Skjaeggedalsfos. — An Aerial Railway. — The National Hymn. — We Leave Odde.

ODDE is a small town at the head of the Soerfjord, of about three hundred inhabitants. Its situation is the most picturesque of any town we visited during the entire excursion, with mountains from 3,000 to 5,000 feet surrounding it, and the centre of most interesting trips to lakes, glaciers and waterfalls.

Along the east shore of Lake Sandvensvand, a short distance from the town of Odde and a rise of about three hundred feet, is a beautiful road, which leads by way of the Haukelid Pass, through Thelemarken to Christiania.

We were soon ashore, camera in hand, ready for snapshots at every odd scene that presented itself, from the

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strangely costumed inhabitants of the village to the curious vehicles and animals. The shops were not abundant, but what few were to be seen had their windows filled with various articles of Norwegian manufacture, which were quite enticing to the newcomers from the Western Hemisphere.

There were wood-carvings of all sorts, in boxes, knives, spoons, salad forks, tankards, models of sledges, huts, viking ships; silver filigree jewelry, and enamelled silver in great variety, as well as articles in carved ivory and bone, while furs were a leading article of traffic, and the ladies, of course, thought the eider-down rugs "just too sweet for anything." An investment in any of the above souvenirs introduced one immediately to the currency in kroners and öres, a hundred of the latter being equivalent to a kroner, while the former is equivalent to about twenty-six cents of our money. The öre is the smallest piece of copper money I think I ever handled.

Within thirty days after our visit, an English lady was heating her curling-irons over a spirit lamp, which exploded, setting fire to the hotel and adjoining houses, consuming half the town.

Although the sound of the Norwegian language was to be heard on all sides from the crowd of villagers who followed us, yet one of the largest and most prominent

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ODDE FROM STEAMER'S DECK, HEAD OF HARDANGER FJORD.

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signs to be seen on landing was in good, plain English: "Milk for sale." Some of the Norwegian words are long enough "to shoot around the corner," like the Irishman's gun. One sign we remember read: "John

Ten Öre. Twenty-five Öre. Fifty Öre. One Kroner.

(SILVER COINS.)

One Öre. Two Öre. Five Öre.

(COPPER COINS.)

NORWEGIAN COPPER AND SILVER COINS.

Olsen," which was followed by a long word of about four dozen letters, which translated meant, "Dealer in boots and shoes." Such words have to be pronounced on the run, like coasting down hill on a bicycle. It may be useful to explain that Har-*dang*-er, Gei-*rang*-er, and

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words of like character are pronounced (like hanger) with the accent on the second syllable. Also that "aa" is pronounced "o," as in hope, and "sk" like stch, while the modified ö, which is thus marked here, is printed in Norsk with an oblique line drawn across the letter. (ø)

The roads through the entire length and breadth of Norway are very fine,—would come under the head of what the bicyclist calls "sandpapered roads,"—and they

A CARRIOLE.

are kept in excellent order. The conveyances are the carriole, a two-wheeled vehicle for one person, whose gayly upholstered box or seat is pointed fore and aft, after the viking ships of this strange country, and the stolkjaerre. This latter is a two-wheeled cart for two persons. Your driver sits behind on the baggage, but often stands on a small iron step, and how he escapes being thrown off and breaking his neck is a constant

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"AND INTO THE FIELDS, WHERE SOME MAIDENS WERE MAKING HAY."

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wonder. Some tourists prefer to handle the reins themselves, but are responsible for all accidents. The horses are curious little animals, short, strong, and stocky, with close-clipped manes, after the manner of Egyptian donkeys,—almost all of a yellowish-brown or mustard colour,

A STOLKJAERRE.

but with very intelligent faces, and a sort of look in their small, bright eyes as if they would like to be caressed, which the ladies of my party were not slow to do.

One of the special articles manufactured in Odde and vicinity is the violin, the most celebrated being the "Har-

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danger," named after the wonderful fjord through which we had passed, the peculiarity consisting in having six strings under the four upper, tuned either in unison or

LAKE SANDVENSVAND FROM BUAR.

harmony with them, thus producing a pleasing effect. The day after our beautiful steamer reached Odde, we hired a stolkjaerre and drove over the hills to Sandvensvand, and crossed this charming lake in a steamer to the

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BUARBRAE GLACIER.

"And we waited until an old woman, bearing a bundle of fagots, was half-way over before we 'pressed the button.'"

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opposite shore. On the road we met the villagers going to work in the fields, the women clad in black dresses, silver-ornamented red bodices, and a sort of white, starched bonnet, which went rippling down their backs and shoulders almost to their waists, after the manner of their much beloved waterfalls. Children, dirty but interesting, lined the way, all dressed in the peculiar costume of their country, and strove to sell us wild strawberries in baskets of green leaves. We took the little steamer (whose restless activity hardly compensated for the time made in the passage) across the lake to Buar, and were finally landed on the opposite shore, and were directed to the path to the Buarbrae, the largest glacier in the vicinity.

But we must tarry now and then to ply our camera. A peculiar wicker bridge spanned the stream, which flowed from the glacier above, and we waited until an old woman, bearing a bundle of fagots, was half-way over, before we "pressed the button." Then to another side of the path we wandered, and into the fields, where some maidens were making hay. The hay of this country is not stacked in cocks, as with us, but is hung up on light rail fences, some six feet high, to dry; and as these extend over the fields and far away in irregular lines, they present a strange feature in the landscape. Under cover of one of these hay-draped fences, I stole up

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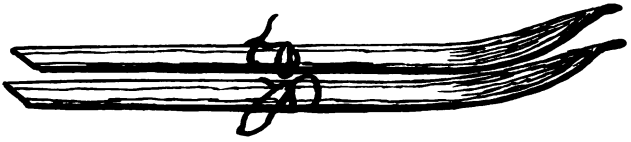
unobserved with my camera, and, before the "Maud Müllers" were aware of my presence, photographed the scene. At the sight of the camera they all scampered behind the next line of fences like frightened deer,—but it was too late.

The Buarbrae is a handsome glacier, but not of large dimensions, and, as it forces itself into the valley with the green grass and wild flowers growing on the sides, is not as impressive as many in the Alps. However, I



SKIS — NORWEGIAN SNOWSHOES.

was told that at its birth, on top of the mountains, it was forty miles in extent.

On our return we examined some curious skates, and fish-lines and hooks, which hung on the side of a barn, and a pair of sled runners underneath, which latter had, no doubt, done service many a winter.

These skates, or snow-shoes of the Norwegians, called "ski" (pronounced "she"), are of a very peculiar pattern, and very few people in the Eastern United States have a knowledge of the delights of this kind of snow-shoeing, notwithstanding their taste for other out-door winter sports.

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ROAD FROM ODDE TO THE LAATEFOS.

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The skis which we examined were of the toughest of wood, nine feet in length, and five inches in width, and an inch at the thickest part, while they turned up to a point at the toe like a Chinese shoe.

The greatest strain comes on the middle of this long wooden shoe (which is split with the grain), the feet being fastened to the centre of the runners with strong straps or thongs. Long distances are covered with the ski in winter, by both men and women, in the use of which they become very proficient, although at first sight they seemed the most awkward means of progression.

As I pen these words, comes news from Christiania of the loss in the Norwegian mountains of Astrup, the explorer.

"The party that went out in search of Eyvind Astrup, who was with Lieutenant Peary on his first expedition to Greenland, found him dead in the Lille Elvedal Valley, in the Dovrefjeld Mountains. Astrup started a few days before Christmas for the purpose of making a ski expedition in the mountains. He was gone about three weeks, when his friends, hearing nothing from him, became alarmed and formed a party to go in search of him. Astrup left Jerkin on December 27 to go to Brenna, eighty-five kilometres distant, to visit a party of officers, who were also on a ski

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expedition. He took with him provisions sufficient to last him for only a day, as he expected to pass the night at a farmhouse midway between Jerkin and Brenna. The weather became intensely cold after he left and there were violent snow-storms. It is supposed that he became fatigued and was overcome by the cold."

Thus it seems that there are dangers as well as pleasures attending the use of the ski in Norway.

After lunch we again went ashore in the naphtha launch, and, hiring a stolkjaerre, drove for two hours along the Buar River, — an impetuous, dashing, foaming stream, fresh from its glacier birth, and of that peculiar green color denoting its source. Passing through wild scenery, with the great snow-capped mountains towering above us in whatever direction we chose to gaze, we crossed an artistically built stone bridge and were landed at the foot of the Laatefos (pronounced Lotefos), one of the grandest waterfalls in Norway. After taking a photograph from its base, although finding it difficult to find a position free from its spray and mist, I climbed, by a carefully paved serpentine road, fifty feet higher to a small hotel, and from its piazza secured a more extended view. The fall descends at one leap from a great height, dashing against an immense rock, and then, separating, breaks into two great cascades, which leap

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THE LAATEFOS.

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and widen as they pass under the stone bridge to the river below. It was a fine sight and the roar of the waters almost deafening, and we lingered on its rocky

THE ESPELANDSFOS.

banks for an hour enjoying its grandeur before returning to Odde and our steamer. From the piazza of the hotel we could also gaze across the river on to the dashing

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spray of the famous Espelandsfos, another great torrent almost as beautiful as the Laatefos. But the Skjaeggedalsfos is considered by good judges to be the most superb fall in all Norway. However, it is a full day's

AN AERIAL RAILWAY.

excursion from Odde, and not easy of access, and we were unable in the limited time allowed us to visit it.

All through Norway, wires are to be seen stretched from the small farms or saeters, as they are called, far up on the mountains above, to the farms in the valleys below, and we wondered at their usefulness. In the early spring the farmers resort to these aerial abodes with

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their flocks and herds, and tarry late into the autumn, their main communication with their families at the "home office" being these wires, often many hundred feet in length. Upon these they send down hay, wood, milk and other farm productions, and we often caught sight of the bundles as they passed on the wire over our heads, while journeying along the roads. Every blade of grass seemed precious to the inhabitants on such rocky soil, and the greatest amount of effort is used in securing it, while I have my doubts of many miles of level land in the entire country from Christiania to North Cape.

We had hardly secured our places at the dining-table in the saloon when the rattling of chains on deck, as the sailors tripped the anchor, and the echoing salute of our cannon on the stern of the steamer, announced our departure from Odde, our first Norwegian town. Then our band struck up the national hymn of the country, "Minstrel, Awaken," the words of whose soul-stirring music it will do to repeat:

I.

"Minstrel, awaken the harp from its slumbers!
Strike for old Norway, the land of the free!
High and heroic, in soul-stirring numbers,
Clime of our fathers, we strike it for thee!

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Old recollections
Awake our affections,
Each time we speak of the land of our birth,
Hearts beating loudly, and cheeks glowing proudly,
Honour old Norway, the crown of the earth!

II.

"Spirit, look back on her far-flashing glory,
Gaze on the splendour that bursts on the glance;
Chieftain and hero, immortal in story,
Press to the battle like maids to the dance.
Blood flows before them,
Billows dash o'er them,
Onward the ocean they plow with the keel.
Champions enough in the country that bore them,
Leave they to bleed for her freedom and weal.

III.

"Pride of the Norsemen, the temple of freedom
Stands like a rock where the stormy wind breaks,
Tempests howl round it, but little he 'll heed them,
Freely he thinks, and as freely he speaks.
Birds in their motion,
Waves of the ocean,
Poorly can rival his Liberty's Voice;
Yet he obeys, with a willing devotion,
Laws of his making and kings of his choice.

IV.

"Land of the forest, the fell, and the fountain,
Blest with the wealth of the field and the flood!

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Steady and trustful, the sons of the mountain
Pay the glad price of thy rights with their blood.
Ocean hath bound thee!
Freedom hath found thee!
Flourish, old Norway, thy flag be unfurled!
Free as the breezes and breakers around thee,
Pride of thy children, the first in the world."

These lines so vivid, so full of pride in their history, in their achievements during Norway's earlier days, when their vikings swept every sea, conquered Normandy, invaded England, and guarded even Constantinople, and left their mark everywhere as the boldest of sea rovers, also well express that fervid patriotism and love of their snow-clad mountains and desolate rock-bound shores that lead them now to seek and to claim a country of their own, free from the rule and interference of Sweden or any other foreign State, — to demand, in short, a complete autonomy.

Amidst these great snow-capped mountains, these grand waterfalls, and frozen rivers, we returned from the Soerfjord and Hardanger Fjords to the sea, and, turning the prow of our steamer again northward, followed the western shore of the country for a night and part of the following morning, anchoring in the picturesque bay of Molde at about nine o'clock.

In this, as well as in all other trips, from fjord to fjord through the North and Arctic Seas, we were very

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fortunate in experiencing calm waters, but we judged it might be rough with a strong westward breeze.

These outside passages were usually made during the night, and on awakening the following morning we were inside the protecting breakwater of the rocky fjords.

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"HE IS RISEN, HE IS NOT HERE."

—Painting after Axel Ender at Molde.

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CHAPTER III.

"'Mong the rocks by the North Sea's blue waters
The proud Norseman his homestead has found."

— *Ivar Aasen.*

Troublesome Persistence of Daylight. — Picturesque Molde. — A Surprise in the Climate. — Our Only Rainy Day. — Trondhjem. — Celebration of July 4th. — Salute from an English Man-of-war. — Trondhjem Cathedral. — Display of Curios and Enamel Wares at the Shops of Trondhjem.

It is not desirable in an experience of this kind to secure a promenade deck stateroom, — the nearer one can get to the keel of the vessel the better. First is the dazzling light of day and night during the greater part of the voyage, and we had to exhaust the larger part of our wardrobe in preventing its access to our apartments at night, turning our faces to the wall or burying them in the pillows, vainly imagining it was pitch-dark outside, when it was light enough to read the finest print. It got to be the leading question of the day when to retire. In addition to the annoying light is the old gentleman who, by reason of too late a supper the previous night, or an uneasy con-

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science, arises early to promenade back and forth in front of stateroom windows, striving in vain to be reconciled to one or both afflictions.

Molde, of 1,700 inhabitants, is one of the fairest spots in Norway for beauty of situation, while its picturesque harbour was greatly admired by all on account of its attractive background of forest-clad hills, — many of them on the opposite side of the bay of so great height as to be covered with snow. The bay stretches away for many miles to the east and west, it being sheltered from the north by the Moldehei Hills back of the town. The crest of these hills (of about 1,250 feet) we gained before leaving the place, and were rewarded by a most extensive view of the landscape, under the softening influence of the setting sun.

The two naphtha launches were lowered to the water from the hurricane-deck, the passengers entered them, and were soon safely landed on shore. Calling a stolkjaerre, we drove along the town bordering on the fjord, and over one of those many good roads previously mentioned as one of Norway's delightful surprises. But we had many other surprises not anticipated here, not the least of which was the temperature, which, on the day of arrival, was eighty degrees in the shade. The ever-mellowing Gulf Stream touches the shores at this point in Norway, "sent over

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MOLDE.

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(as our captain remarked) from America as a happy suggestion of the many other good things to be had in the Western Hemisphere." From the abundant rows of tall maples, pine, birch, ash, horse-chestnut, and cherry trees, we could easily see that this was not a frigid region at any time of the year; in fact, it is the great summer resort of the country. Men, women and children were bathing along shore, and this in a latitude of thirty degrees north of St. Petersburg.

We drove to the residence of the English consul, a villa more after the style of Spanish architecture than anything we could think of, with rose-bordered walks and ponds filled with white lilies, while interspersed here and there throughout the grounds were fountains and fine pieces of marble statuary. There were flowers in great abundance, and lovely roses on tall, graceful stems, peonies of unusual size, honeysuckles and poppies of the Oriental variety, with orange-coloured petals, black centres, and measuring six inches in diameter. Truly this was a tropical scene and worthy of southern Italy,—and all this in what we had previously idealised as "bleak Norway." Molde, often called "the flower garden" of this country, is, in fact, a place much frequented by both natives and foreigners, and one could easily see it would be a most delightful spot

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for a long stay. It is warmer all the year around than in New York, and the fjord never freezes over, while the central coast line of Norway is much warmer than even its most southern portion.

The cherry seems to be the leading fruit-tree of all middle and southern Norway, and great care is taken in its propagation.

While returning to the steamer at 11 P. M., just as the sun was setting, we visited an old cathedral which contained a beautiful painting by Axel Ender, entitled "He is risen, He is not here," a representation of the women at the sepulchre.

At five o'clock the next morning, while most of the excursionists were asleep, the vessel passed on up the fjord to Veblungsnes, and when we came up on deck from breakfast she was swinging at anchor, the captain having omitted the usual salute on arrival off a town, which omission called down blessings on his head by the belated visitors to the shore the previous night. Here we experienced the only unpleasant day of the entire voyage, yet this did not interfere with some of our sports. A few took carrioles and drove through a portion of the Romsdalen, but soon returned in the rain, unable to see half way up to the mountain-tops, or any of the exquisite beauties for which this region is celebrated.

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During the night the steamer returned down the fjord, passed out to sea, turned her head northward,

"FLAG PARADE" JULY 4TH.

and, at 7 A. M., July 4, dropped anchor off Trondhjem, a city of 30,000 inhabitants, situated on a peninsula formed by the Trondhjem Fjord and the River Nid, in

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sixty-three degrees, thirty minutes, north latitude. Trondhjem has often been called the "Cradle of the Kingdom of Norway," as in old times the Norwegian kings were elected and crowned in this city. The summer climate resembles the south of England, and I was told the winters were not severe, the fjord never freezing over, hence the rich vegetation. To the many Americans aboard this was the day of all others to celebrate, and, by previous agreement with the captain, a programme had been arranged which was entirely satisfactory,— in fact, the officers of the steamer seconded our efforts most heartily. A salute was to be fired at 7 A. M., a "flag parade" immediately following, which latter consisted in decorating the steamer from bow to stern, from deck to topmast, with the flags of all nations. Then we were to amuse ourselves on shore during the day, sight-seeing as suited our various tastes, and at 6.30 P. M. were to have a big dinner on board, followed by speeches, songs by ladies of the party, national airs by our band, and at 8.30 P. M. a dance in the saloon. What more could be asked by "foreigners" in a foreign country, to celebrate their national holiday?

Beautiful silk American flags were also loaned by a number of the passengers for the decoration of the saloon, and coats and dresses were ornamented with

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diminutive reproductions of the national emblem. If the American is proud of anything, it is his flag. As our vessel sailed into the harbour with flags flying, and volley after volley re-echoing from its cannon, we passed across the bows of an English man-of-war, and, thinking

BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR SALUTING OUR NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

the salute was entirely complimentary to herself, she threw open her ports and reciprocated in a way that made our ears ring for some time afterwards.

After returning at breakfast the congratulations of our countrymen on the auspicious opening of Independence Day, we passed down the steps into the

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naphtha launches, and, although the intervening water to the shore was anything but tranquil, we finally ran behind the line of the heavy stone breakwater, which protected the inner harbour, and were soon safely on the beach. The streets are widely built, paved, and bicyclists are almost as plenty as in any town of the United States.

The leading hotels of Trondhjem are the Britannia and Hotel d'Angleterre, and, although most of the houses are wood, they present a neat appearance, surrounded by well-kept gardens, while in most of the windows are to be seen neat white curtains and an abundance of flowers. To the east and west is a succession of hills, from which a fine view of the town, the Nid River, and the bay can be had, especially attractive under the carmine light of those glorious midnights which were ours to enjoy.

The market-place at which we landed had not only stores on all sides, but two rows of canvas-covered booths through the centre (after the manner of many European towns), at which old men and women were selling vegetables, hardware, fish baskets, etc. The residence of the "Stiftsamtmand," or governor of the province, used as a royal palace on the occasion of coronation festivities, is one of the leading buildings. Then there is a small park in which is a bronze statue

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of the famous Admiral Tordenskjold, and fine roads leading in many directions. But the great pride of Trondhjem is its cathedral, which is considered the greatest church in Scandinavia. It dates back to the eleventh century, is built of a soapstone-colored marble, quarried in the vicinity, and is after the style of the early Gothic. For a kroner and fifty öres each we were allowed access, and wandered about for an hour in its cool interior, examining everything, from a great deep well, which we were told connected with the sea, to the fine organ which was afterwards played for our gratification.

After the music, we passed into the transept, where at the south end of the altar there stands a fine cast of Thorwaldsen's wonderful statue of the Saviour.

It seemed as if it could almost speak as it expressed in marble the inscription carved underneath: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The cathedral, during the past four centuries, has suffered from no less than five fires; but its restoration is still proceeding as fast as money can be raised, the desire being to have it finished in exactly the same style as in A. D. 1240.

So near the Arctic Circle, and yet, what a surprise it was to find so beautiful a cathedral! To the Lutheran Church belongs the religion of Norway, and

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the services are well attended at such places as Trondhjem and Molde.

Then there was the Marine Arsenal near by, and the Academy of Science, with its fine library, its natural history collection, and its antiquities from all over

TRONDHJEM. — LITTLE LERFOS ON NID RIVER.

Norway. But, strange as it may seem, one very soon gets tired of cathedrals, museums, and other enclosed buildings of Europe, and longs more for the open-air features, its mountains, its falls, its farms, and its people. So we hired a carriage, and drove along the

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THE STORE LERFOS ON NID RIVER.

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river Nid two miles, to the "Little Lerfos," a fall seventy-six feet high, and took a photograph, first from the bank above, and then climbed, with some risk to our necks, to the rocks below, — there is nothing like a camera for exercise. This fall was not as fine as the

DECORATED WOOD TANKARD.

"Store Lerfos," a mile farther, which is one hundred feet high, the mass of water being broken by a great rock half way across.

On returning to the city, we visited the shops, and invested in the curiosities of the country. We purchased for the table transparent enamel silver spoons, and other

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articles of similar decoration of which Norway made so fine a display at the Columbian Exposition; scarf-pins representing, in enamel, the Norwegian flag and coat of arms; curiously decorated and carved tankards, old pipes, carved wood representations of viking ships, and a pair of reindeer horns, which the salesman was obliged to saw in two before packing in our trunk; and then we returned to the steamer.

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A MOUNTAINEER.

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CHAPTER IV.

"Yes, we love with fond devotion Norway's mountain domes,
Rising storm-lashed o'er the ocean, with their thousand homes."
— *Björnstjerne Björnson.*

Good-by to Trondhjem. — A Romance of the Altenfjord. — Ingoe and Its Whales. — First Sight of Laplanders. — A Legend of Norway's Origin. — Bird Island. — The Open Polar Sea and Its Explorers. — Arrival at North Cape. — Celebrating the Event. — Stars and Stripes First Ashore. — Ascension of the Rock. — Snowballing while Surrounded by Flowers.

AFTER the excitement of our July Fourth celebration at Trondhjem we welcomed our return to the sea from the fjord, and an opportunity to lie back on deck in our easy steamer chairs and enjoy a few hours of unalloyed rest. Then the constant desire to be on all sides of the steamer at once, that we might miss none of the landscape, was fatiguing even if pleasant, and, as we ran north across the Arctic Circle, and along the Lofoten Islands, we were too far at sea to observe their beauties, as a closer inspection developed on our return south. But occasionally a whale could be seen spouting in the

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distance, and ever and anon a Norwegian steamer, loaded with cattle or lumber, would pass close to our bows. But the most interesting sight was the viking ships, sailing before the wind with their high, sharp-pointed bows and sterns, their delicate, tall masts, and with their great, square, brown and red coloured rigged mainsails and diminutive topsails. They looked almost topheavy, and one could hardly believe they could stand the hurricanes which swept over the Atlantic in old Norse days, when they discovered Iceland, Greenland, and, possibly, America. Their sails, I was told, are soaked in a preparation of oil and tar, which prevents mildew, and they present almost as great a variety of colours as those of picturesque Venice.

Running close to the land, we were told we were off the Altenfjord, whereupon memories of Marie Corelli's "Norwegian princess" arose vividly to our eyes. In imagination we could see the lovers sitting beside their boat on shore, admiring the great rocks that towered above them, and could hear the innocent peasant girl remarking to Sir Philip, "If you do not love life itself you love the beautiful things of life, do you not?"

Possibly, from the shadow of that great rock yonder, the old viking king, Olaf Guldmar, had set sail on his last voyage, "driven, forcibly, by a swooping gust of wind, and scudded out to the fjord like a wild bird

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INGOE, A WHALING STATION.

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flying before a tempest, — and, while she thus fled, a sheet of flame burst through her sides, and blazed upwards, mingling a lurid, smoky glow with the clear, crimson radiance of the still brilliant and crown-like aurora.

"This was that he should be given the 'crimson shroud,' and sea-tomb of his war-like ancestors, — for the idea that his body might be touched by strange hands had been the one fantastic dread of the sturdy old pagan's life."

Of all places in the world in which to locate the scenes and incidents of a romance, the weird and fantastic dream-like atmosphere of Norway seems the most suitable.

On Saturday morning, July 6th, we anchored two miles off the coast at Ingoe, one of the leading whaling establishments of upper Norway. The manager of the place had agreed some weeks before, if possible, to have his men in the act of killing a whale on the day of our arrival, that the excursionists might see the sport. But, although the men were out, the leviathan had not materialized, so the performance did not come off as advertised. But the excitements of whaling in these latter days are entirely devoid of poetry. A bomb is fired into the fish, and that ends it.

The waves were rolling in from the sea in fine shape

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about our 10,000-ton steamer, and with difficulty the naphtha launches were lowered to the water on the lee side. Then there was a call for all passengers who desired to visit the shore, but only about a dozen of the ship's guests replied to the summons, as the sailors upon the launches, holding on with their boat-hooks, bobbed up and down at the steamer's ladder. Amid the cheers of the passengers on deck we were off, and swinging over the wild waves to the shore, but the waves ran so high that, when we sank to their depths, the great steamer entirely disappeared from view. But the Norwegian captain in the bow of our launch, looking calmly over the troubled waters, was an immense amount of encouragement to the rest of us, regardless of our shipping an occasional sea, and, as the first launch had not swamped, the second was soon in the water, and more liberally patronised. Seven monster whales, from sixty to seventy feet in length, we found anchored to the beach as we gained the shore, their "jackets" removed, and men preparing to strip the whalebone and blubber.

We entered the long sheds and saw the tanks in which the blubber was simmering, and others where they were filling barrels with oil and packing away the whalebone, samples of which were given to each excursionist, while men in the yards were splitting up

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LAPLANDERS, "ABOUT THEIR WHITE CANVAS TENTS."

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the great bones of the carcasses with thin axes, as one would cords of wood. In the middle of the afternoon we ran directly to the northeast through a deep channel — Magerösund — more than a mile wide and among some beautiful islands. On the shore we saw, for the first time, the inhabitants of this lonesome region, — the Laplanders, with their wives and children, clustered about their white canvas tents, or the low doors of their dome-shaped huts. In the fields were herd after herd of reindeer grazing, whose number we could easily distinguish with our field-glasses; and to amuse the passengers (and exercise the reindeer, we suppose), our cannon at the stern pealed forth its echoes and they ran in all directions. Then we ran past more islands, more high mountains, in the shadows of which were additional Lapland villages, and more reindeer feeding, and glaciers innumerable. Each island had a mountain all to itself, not with numerous peaks, but with one high peak, its sides sloping directly to the water with nothing to interfere; and this is one of the strange, peculiar features of Norwegian island scenery.

In the remote north of Europe a legend is current "that God, when He created the world, and was reposing from His labours, was suddenly aroused from His meditations by the fall of a monstrous mass in the

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abyss of waters. The Creator, as He looked up, perceived the devil, who had seized a prodigious mass of rock, which he had hurled into the deep, so that the axis of the new creation, trembling under the weight, threatened to break, and yet wavers, and will to all eternity.

"The Lord preserved His work from entire destruction by His mighty power. With one hand He sustained it, and with the other He threatened the base fiend, who, howling with fear, took to flight; but everywhere the fearful pile of rock rose above the waters. High and gloomily it projected out of the swelling flood to the clouds; jagged, wild, and shattered, its naked sides sank into the unfathomable depths, and filled the sea with innumerable cliffs and peaks for many miles.

"The Maker cast a look of sadness and pity upon this waste, and then took He what remained of fruitful earth, and strewed it over the black rocks. But, alas! it was too sparse to be of much avail. The ground was scarcely covered in the clefts and hollows, and only in a few spots was sufficient deposited to nourish fruit-trees, and ripen seeds. The farther to the north, the scantier was the gift, until at last none remained, and the devil's work rested under the curse of eternal barrenness. But God stretched out His Omnipotent hand, and blessed the desolate earth. 'Although no flower shall here

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REINDEER.

"A wonderful creature, half cow, half deer, which was to nourish man with milk, butter, and flesh, and clothe him with its furry skin."

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bloom,' said the Almighty, 'no bird sing and no blade of grass grow, yet the wicked spirit shall have no share in thee.

"'I will have compassion on thee, and suffer men to dwell, who, with love and affection, shall cling to these rocks, and be happy in their possession.' Then the Lord commanded the fish to frequent the sea in vast swarms, and above, on the ice-fields, He placed a wonderful creature, half cow, half deer, which was to nourish man with milk, butter and flesh, and clothe him with its furry skin." Thus, according to the saga, originated Norway, and, but for the hand of kind Providence, which animates these waters with such quantities of fish, and supplies the Laplanders with reindeer, life could not exist on these barren shores. The reindeer of Lapland and caribou of America are very similar.

Continuing through Magerösund and south of North Cape Island (for North Cape is an island), the steamer rested for a brief hour off what is known as Bird Island, or Svaerholtklubben, a large cliff, which arises over eleven hundred feet from the ocean.

It takes its name from the innumerable number of sea gulls and other water fowl, which make its high, rocky clefts their habitation.

Every ledge and every crevice of the rock was covered with the birds, and the noise which they made at

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being disturbed was deafening. We were told they had frequented this rock from time immemorial.

> "Up there shall start ten thousand wings,
> With a rushing, whistling din;
> Up shall the auk and fulmar start, —
> All but the fat penguin."

We fired volley after volley from our cannon, which aroused the myriads of sea gulls, and, not contented with that effort, we shot rockets from the steamer's deck into their midst, which still further increased the number already in the air, until it seemed perfectly alive with birds, many of which flew over our heads and sailed gracefully off into the open polar sea, through which our vessel soon turned its prow, on its way to the North Cape, not many miles to the west of Bird Island.

How strangely did those words sound — "the open polar sea," and what recollections they awakened of the heroic deeds, the sufferings, the privations of Doctors Nansen, Kane, Rae and Franklin; Lieutenants Greely, Schwatka and Peary. It was north latitude 71 degrees, 25 minutes, and here we, a jolly party of excursionists from America and Europe, aboard a model steamer with every luxury possible, without care or thought but only on pleasure bent, were sailing over

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the Arctic Sea, while many who, in pursuit of the North Pole, had passed over the same waters there within sight, had never returned. The captain said that it was only about thirteen hundred miles more and we could tie up to the North Pole; and some suggested

SVAERHOLTKLUBBEN, OR BIRD ISLAND.

**"Up there shall start ten thousand wings
With a rushing, whistling din."**

going, as we were sure we had plenty of New York ice-cream and German lager beer to sustain the party.

We steamed on and on to the westward, and at 8 P. M., July 6th, in a temperature of 38 degrees,

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anchored under the frowning cliffs of North Cape, on Magerö Island, the most northern point of Europe. A grand salute was immediately fired from the steamer's cannon, followed by the explosion of bombs and rockets, and the band played the national airs of America and Germany, concluding with "Minstrel, Awaken," the Norwegian national hymn which we had, by our sympathetic surroundings, so soon learned to love.

Then the passengers lifted up their voices in three rousing cheers for the President of the United States, the Emperor William of Germany, King Oscar II., of Norway, and for our safe arrival at the acme of our excursion,—the cheers for the Emperor and King Oscar being telegraphed at Hammerfest to them afterwards. The Americans did not cable their President,—it was too expensive, and he might be off fishing, or otherwise engaged, so we let the Germans and Norwegians do the "gushing" over their potentates.

North Cape is a dark-gray (inclining to blue) slate rock, furrowed with deep clefts, rising abruptly from the sea to a height of nearly a thousand feet. On the east side of the rock a path has been constructed, and provided with a rope fastened to iron stanchions, for the benefit of bad walkers. The first part of the ascent is easy, then come many feet of very difficult climbing, while the last part to the summit is over a green, mossy

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NORTH CAPE.

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slope. With the North Cape ends the island belt of Norway, and the coast is washed direct by the long, sweeping waves of the Arctic Ocean, the sole attraction being the bleakness and solemnity of the scene as one gazes out on the open polar sea. On the top is a granite column commemorating the visit of King Oscar II., in 1873, and a beacon recording that of Emperor William II., in 1891, which has made the trip to this region very popular ever since.

The naphtha launches were soon in the water, the first containing our band, which the captain had sent to the top of the rock to encourage with its music the fatigued climbers; although the fellow who carried the big bass drum also had our sympathies. An enthusiastic American was in the prow of the boat, and, with a five-foot American flag, was the first to step ashore and unfurl the Stars and Stripes on the most northern point of Europe. Not all climbed to the top of the rock, as the chance to see the midnight sun that night was very doubtful, and, as the result proved, the orb sank to rest in a big bank of fog, much to the disappointment of the "Excelsiors," who were gathered at the summit until after midnight. But almost all went ashore, threw snowballs at one another from the glacier near the landing, or picked wild flowers among the rocks, perfectly contented to believe, with a late climber

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of our own high elevations, that "you can often see more of a mountain from its base than you can from its top."

The landscape about North Cape is not in the least picturesque; far from it, one feels overburdened with a sense of its barrenness. However, for a region bordering on the Arctic Ocean, in almost 72 degrees of north latitude, we were greatly surprised with the variety and beauty of the flowers. Bluebells, geraniums, forget-me-nots, violets, and yellow Iceland poppies, which looked like great double buttercups, the latter over an inch in diameter, were to be found in profusion, and were gathered in quantities to decorate our dining-table.

These Iceland poppies (sometimes called Arctic) are to be found all over northern Norway, Siberia, and even still nearer the North Pole.

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A LAPP BOY.

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CHAPTER V.

"How grand is my dear native land!
That sea-girt land where mountains tower like castle walls."
— *O. Wolf.*

Hammerfest, the World's Northernmost Town. — Electric Lights and Telegraph North of Latitude 70 Degrees. — Cigars Lit at Midnight by a Sun-glass. — The Norwegian Character. — Glories and Glaciers of Lyngen Fjord. — Tromsöe. — Visiting a Lapp Camp. — A Herd of Reindeer. — Extent of Lapland, and the Origin of the Race. — Chasing the Midnight Sun in a Naphtha Launch. — Eyes Wearied by Continual Day. — Congratulations Received from the Kings of Norway and Germany.

After the great disappointment of not witnessing a display of the midnight sun at North Cape, we left early the next morning, and, turning southward, made Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world. It is in latitude 70 degrees, 40 minutes, 11 seconds, and has about 2,000 inhabitants. On our way to the shore in the launch we passed a number of sloop-rigged fishing-boats, engaged in the cod-liver oil business, which is the most valuable enterprise of the place, a fact we

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soon realised, and, although no alarming excitement seemed to prevail on our arrival, the town is said to be a very lively place in summer, when the sun does not set from May 13th to July 29th; and, conversely, the sun never rises from November 18th to January 23d. But electric light was introduced here a few years ago, which is kept steadily burning throughout the winter, while one can telegraph to any part of the world. The tide rises to a height of nine feet. We saw numerous Laplanders clad in white (original colour, evidently) woollen jackets, ornamented with blue, red, and yellow stripes, their legs and feet encased in greasy leather shoe-packs, their heads ornamented with a cap that would put a circus clown to blush, — it was a sort of a cross in outline between a sauce-pan and Columbia's liberty cap; odds in favour of the sauce-pan.

Souvenirs for sale in the shops were mostly manufactured by the Lapps from the horns or skin of the reindeer, and walrus's tusks; but the mighty whale, also, was not far astern in offering its bony eye-sockets, and ears, and great platter-like sections of vertebræ, while white bear and other Arctic animal skins were displayed in most of the windows. The town carries on a busy trade in cod-liver oil with Russia, and there is a small Presbyterian church, built by subscriptions from America (so the pastor said), while a very neat

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HAMMERFEST, THE NORTHERNMOST TOWN IN THE WORLD.

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hospital of some fifteen beds offers a haven of rest to the sick and injured; but, as it lacked at the time even one patron, it spoke well for the health of the town. The nurses are nuns, and their sweet, thought-

ENTRANCE TO HAMMERFEST HARBOUR.

Fishing-boats engaged in the cod-liver oil business, which is the most valuable enterprise of the place."

ful faces showed their interest in the most noble of all professions.

Most of the Hammerfest houses were of wood, which included a good schoolhouse, but the countenances of the men we met denoted hard work, with little rest from toil. Du Chaillu says: "The Norwegian yeoman is

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manly, self-possessed, and brave. Beneath his rough exterior he has a most kindly heart. He is truly and honestly pious, his religious feelings have been cultivated from his boyhood.

"In the character of both men and women is a vein of quiet pensiveness, the result, no doubt, of the stern nature that surrounds them. There is no country in

Ear. Eye.

SOUVENIRS OF THE WHALE.

Europe where the rites of hospitality are held more sacred.

"The traveller is surprised and delighted to see everywhere this beautiful trait in the character of the people."

The midnight sun again was fickle the night we were at Hammerfest, and held its face from sight behind

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"THERE WERE MOUNTAINS PILED UPON MOUNTAINS."

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for amateur photographers, and its usefulness was made evident by its frequent patronage to change and develop plates.

If steamships or hotels desire popularity nowadays they must offer a dark room for the amateur photographer among their other inducements.

At the end of the fjord the steamer came about and returned to the sea, and, sailing along the many islands, continued south to Tromsöe, a town of about 6,000 inhabitants.

On entering the harbour, we passed quite a fleet of curious fishing-boats, viking-rigged, and containing a sun-burnt crew, sailing along in these mighty fjords; but they looked so lonesome that they only appealed deeply to our sympathies, as we realised the monotony of their daily lives, and how little they knew of the busy world outside. "Vik" means creek, so the vikings were simply dwellers on creeks or tributaries of the ocean.

Tromsöe, on Tromsöe Sund, is a busy trading-place, if one may judge by the number of vessels seen in the harbour, its special commodities being dried and smoked herring and other fish, furs, etc. Tromsöe also trades largely with Russia and Hamburg, Germany, and fits out many vessels for the capture of seals and walruses.

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LYNGEN FJORD.

"And an immense glacier of unusual size and whiteness pushed its frozen river almost to the edge of the fjord."

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The streets are clean, and, being situated along the eastern slope of a hilly island, the drainage is good, while a fine growth of trees at the rear of the town make a pleasing background to the place.

It was a beautiful bright day, and every one went on shore at the earliest moment and soon scattered in vari-

A STREET IN TROMSÖE.

ous directions to see the town. Some went to the museum to examine a large collection of relics, all found on various expeditions within the Arctic Circle, while others patronised the shops, or meandered along shore examining the strange boats and the people they contained. Fur-clad Laplanders were to be met at every turn, and the writer had some funny experiences

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in inducing them to stand still long enough to be photographed, some of whom he was obliged to catch "on the wing" as they scampered away.

These Laplanders in their shaggy fur garments looked like a bundle of old buffalo hides tied together,

LAPLANDERS.

"Some of whom he was obliged to catch 'on the wing.'"

"Mit a string round der middle." They were also very short,—the women about four and one-half and the men not exceeding five feet.

In the latter part of the afternoon many of the Lapps clustered about the ship in their boats, endeav-

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TROMSÖE.

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ouring to dispose of their curiously ornamented bone knives, sealskin boots, shoes, bags, purses, and skins and antlers of the reindeer; in which effort they were usually successful. It was a study to watch the expres-

"MANY OF THE LAPPS CLUSTERED ABOUT THE SHIP IN THEIR BOATS."

sion on the faces of these little wizen, dried-up, dirty inhabitants of the polar regions, and to hear the peculiar chatter of their voices when a trade was consummated.

In the evening (which meant in broad daylight) we

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sailed in the launches across the sund, to its head, and, disembarking, mounted carrioles, stolkjaerres, and other vehicles — a few were on horseback — and drove four miles to a Lapp encampment. This was on the side of a hill, and, when we were all assembled on the

VISITORS FROM THE TOWN.

grounds — excursionists, Norwegians, and Laplanders — it was a strange sight indeed, so many nationalities and from so many climes under the sun. We had an opportunity of closely inspecting a herd of some fifty tame reindeer, who permitted us to stroke their shaggy sides and branching horns, most of the latter being

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LAPLANDERS FISHING ON TROMSÖE SUND.

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still in the "velvet." Then we looked into the dome-shaped huts built of stone, covered with turf and birch-bark, and into the faces of the women and children grouped around a smouldering fire, whose only exit of smoke, and admission of light, was a small round open-

LAPLANDER KNIVES AND SHEATHS.

ing at the top. Over each fire hung an iron pot from which arose an unsavoury odour, the whole enclosure representing both dining and sleeping apartments.

The treatment of the Lapp babies seemed to be somewhat similar to that of our American Indians,

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they being securely strapped into a wooden trough-like cradle, from which it is impossible for them to spill out.

This cradle could be slung from the shoulders of the mother, rolled around on the ground, or hung up on a tree.

These Lapps possess a herd of four or five thousand reindeer which graze on the adjoining hills; but of these only the fifty mentioned were then to be seen. Some of the deer were singled out from the herd and captured by a lasso thrown over their horns, and were led into the foreground to be photographed by a professional artist, who had accompanied us throughout the entire trip, — the excursionists making a background to the scene. The deer are milked only twice a week. The milk and cheese are said to be rich but of a gamey flavor, and constitute the chief article of diet, the former being diluted with water before use. The Lapps never marry outside of the tribe, and in the winter go south to Sweden, on account of the greater profusion of moss for the deer. They formerly went to Russia, but their animals were taken away from them, and could only be bought back at auction, so oppressive were the laws of that country.

We noticed that many of the Lapps wore glasses, their eyes having been injured by snow glare and the smoke of their huts, and their diminutive forms

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THE LAPP ENCAMPMENT.

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made them all (young or old) appear like so many children as, clad in full suits of fur, they ran in and about the crowd of strangers, selling knives and spoons of reindeer horn, and other rudely ornamented articles of their home manufacture.

Lapland extends over the northern part of Norway, Sweden, and over the northwestern parts of Russia.

SPOON OF REINDEER HORN CARVED BY LAPLANDERS.

A writer upon the origin of this strange race says: "The origin of the race is very obscure; the most probable explanation is that they come from Finland, but do not spring from the Finnish stock. There is a certain resemblance to the Finns, both in language and habits, but the differences are so considerable that it seems more reasonable to conclude that the Lapps

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represent an earlier race conquered by the Finns. The most likely etymology of the name seems to be that it comes from a Finnish word *lappu*, meaning 'land's-end folk', or exiles. For a long period past there has been constant intercourse between the two races; but the Finns are a finer set of men physically. They are taller and stronger, and better fitted for industrial labor. In Sweden they greatly outnumber the Lapps, there being about 15,000 of them, as against 7,000 Lapps. In Norway this is reversed, the Lapps numbering 16,000 to 17,000, the Finns about 8,000."

While returning from the Lapp encampment to the launches, many of the vehicles broke down, and generals, as well as others of less note, were obliged to walk. It certainly was one of the most interesting of the many side trips we made, and we returned to our steamer with a better knowledge of the inhabitants of the Arctic Circle than we ever had before.

It was a glorious night, and the heavens being void of clouds, we all felt it foretold a fine view of the midnight sun, so we sat out on deck watching it slowly near the horizon over the town and hills of Tromsöe. We gathered on the hurricane-deck and on the bridge (by special favour of the officers), while some, to have a clearer view, mounted to the "crow's nest," and others, more agile, climbed to greater heights in the

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MARAAK FROM THE FJORD.

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ratlines. Norwegian midnight was 11.44 P. M., and we watched with intense interest the great red orb descend. But a hill, higher than many adjoining, was directly in line with the view of the sun, although there was a depression in the landscape on each side of it. The sun came closer and closer to the horizon, touched the mountain, and, as we looked at our watches, we

MIDNIGHT SUN OFF TROMSOE HARBOUR.

saw that it had altogether too much time to spare before it reached its lowest point. Soon it was gone from our eyes on deck, but we could still see, away up the bay, its full radiance shining on the water. The first officer suggested the use of the naphtha launch, and a chase after it. No sooner said than done, and, as a number of us scrambled down the steps and jumped

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into the boat, the officer said we had but twelve minutes to spare. Away we flew, first in the shadow and at last into the full light of the sun, with only four minutes lacking as we reached the latter. But we had accomplished our purpose, and when the officer announced it was just the exact time, 11.44 P. M., and the sun still in sight, we sent up, in our enthusiasm, a shout that could be heard the entire length of the bay. The writer had his faithful compass on his knee, and, gazing down upon it, discovered that the midnight sun had set exactly in the north.

In the future, when any one attempts to guarantee the correctness of a statement by saying, "It's as true as that the sun sets in the west," we shall certainly doubt his truth and veracity — we know better! The continuous bright light, day after day, and night after night, was producing an unpleasant effect on our eyes; they felt strained and weary, and, regardless of the prophecy, we were beginning to "like darkness better than light."

Before leaving Tromsöe, we received replies to our telegrams sent from Hammerfest to King Oscar II., of Norway, and Emperor William, of Germany, the former congratulating us on our safe arrival at North Cape, the most northern extremity of his kingdom, and the latter thanking us for cheers in his behalf at the same place, — we felt greatly honoured.

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A FISHER GIRL FROM THE LOFOTEN ISLANDS.

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CHAPTER VI.

"How far the unknown transcends the what we know."

— *Longfellow.*

Solemn, Sublime, and Beautiful Views along the Lofoten Islands. — The Midnight Sun. — A Wonderful Display. — Digermulen. — Strange Feed for Horses. — Geiranger Fjord. — Seven Sister Falls. — Maraak. — Its Falls and its Flowers. — Possibilities for Roof Gardens.

We left Tromsöe early on the morning of July 9th, and, continuing southward, passed out to sea, and skirted the western shores of the Lofoten Islands, which extend from the mainland about one hundred miles into the Atlantic. Most of these islands lie so close together that we could seldom see an opening in their long mountain chain, but occasionally one was visible. Many of the mountains were pointed in shape, others resembled the roofs and spires of great cathedrals, and one's imagination could picture almost any style of church, tower, or castle, in their varied outlines. At night that heavenly purple light so peculiar to this region was reflected on their massive sides,

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tossed from rock to rock, from peak to peak, until their highest glaciers and snow caps reciprocated in colour. Our great steamer seemed very small, in comparison, as we sailed along in the shadows of these "everlasting hills."

The Lofoten Islands are celebrated for the cod-fishing to be had along their shores, but this is attended with great risk and loss of life. Often it is impossible for

OFF LOFOTEN ISLANDS.

the hardy fishermen, in heavy blows and storms, to return in their small viking boats to their homes across the fjords, and they often capsize on the way. These fjords are very much deeper than the open sea, comparing favourably in depth with the high mountains which surround them; so we were never afraid of running aground, while our steamer one night, while chasing the departing rays of the midnight sun, swung around

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"OUR GREAT STEAMER SEEMED VERY SMALL IN COMPARISON AS WE SAILED ALONG IN THE SHADOWS OF THESE 'EVERLASTING HILLS.'"

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close to the shore in not much over its own length, like the needle of a compass on its pivot, — much to the admiration of the passengers.

This night's run along the Lofoten Islands proved to be the most magnificent exhibition of the glory of the midnight sun of any on the trip. The night was clear and bright, not a cloud or a particle of fog dimmed the horizon or interrupted the view at sea. It was just such a night as we had longed for, and our expectation of accomplishing our fondest anticipations was soon to be realized. The captain had informed us that the sun set at 12.10 A. M., and had agreed to blow the whistle of the steamer at the exact minute, and we compared our watches with the ship's chronometer, that we might be on deck at the appointed hour, — in fact, we were there long before the time. Many had provided themselves with smoked glasses, or had papers with small perforations by which to screen their eyes, while gazing on the sun's bright rays. We had become accustomed to seeing the sun set in the north day after day, and we were not in the least surprised to see it in its familar quarter, which at home would have seemed so uncanny and unnatural. Down the heavens came the sun, redder and redder as it neared the horizon, and we stood almost breathless, watches in hand, noting the sun one moment, and the time the next. We were so afraid

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that it would touch the water, and that we should not see it in its entire circle of the heavens, and we inquired anxiously of the officers regarding the probabilities. The whistle blew; it was just 12.10 A. M. We gazed at the sun; its extreme lower edge barely touched the surface of the calm sea, and, as its lurid reflections shot across the waters, we all exclaimed with delight at the wonderful exhibition of the "God of Day" ruling supreme for the entire twenty-four hours.

And now what was our surprise when, on turning around, we discovered the full-grown moon in the opposite heaven, and at almost the same position on the horizon, striving its best, with its borrowed light, to compete with its adversary. Such a condition of circumstances seldom falls to the lot of tourists to these regions, and we all most heartily congratulated one another on the fortunate event.

And now morning dawned, and the sun commenced its journey of the heavens, and we could see at once a marked difference in its colour and effect. We found we could look at it more steadily with our eyes unprotected by smoked glass. It was whiter light; it was a more diffused light; it was not that red or purple light of the previous hour, and our former idea of no difference between the colours of sunset and sunrise was immediately changed. We had carefully consid-

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MIDNIGHT SUN OFF LOFOTEN ISLANDS.

"'The God of Day' ruling supreme for the entire twenty-four hours."

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ered the change beforehand, and had as carefully marked the difference now. We promenaded the deck for half an hour after sunrise, noting first the moon in one direction, then the sun in the other, and their combined effect in colour on the water and vessel, and, as we descended to our berths, the latter was just gilding

NAPHTHA LAUNCH TOWING OUR LIFE-BOATS THROUGH THE FJORDS.

the pinnacles of the distant Lofoten Island Mountains. It was a night and a morning that will remain ever sweet and bright in our memory, luminous with the remembrance of nature's strange and weird manifestations in those most northern regions of our globe, — a memory that will draw one closer and closer to the

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Creator of such beauties, and make heaven itself even more and more a reality.

After such experiences we were extremely loth to awake from our dreams the following morning. But other scenes and other joys of nature were before us which, if not as dreamy and poetical, were as grand and sublime. Turning north at the southern extremity

VIEW FROM DIGERMULEN. — OUR STEAMER IN THE FJORD.

of the Lofoten Island group, we passed through the Vestfjord and anchored off Digermulen, a station for local steamers at the south end of Raftsund. After breakfast the naphtha launches were swung from the hurricane-deck to the water, and each taking in tow two life-boats, which, from the steamer's deck, must have made an interesting picture, with flags flying, we sailed away into the distance to explore the most intricate

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GEIRANGER FJORD.

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passages of a neighbouring fjord. High were the snow-capped mountains, and beautiful the waterfalls about us as we landed at the head of the fjord, and we greatly enjoyed for a brief hour the ramble on shore, picking flowers, gathering curious pebbles, and photographing a cascade close at hand. Then we returned to the steamer, and, after dinner, visited the town of Digermulen, preceded by our band, which had been sent on shore to entertain the villagers.

In the shed adjoining the wharf where we landed from the launch, we noticed a curious array of dried fish heads, which were tacked on the walls of the building. On inquiring their use, we were told that, fodder being very scarce in winter, these fish heads were boiled into a sort of stew and given to the horses, who seem greatly to relish the diet. Norwegian horses, although having wonderful powers of endurance, are often very poorly fed.

Back of the town rises the Digermulkollen, a rock over 1,000 feet in height, which affords, perhaps, the most superb view in the whole Nordland. Many climbed by a broader but longer road, and others by a shorter but steeper, which latter called into play their most agile powers, for, as they crept along the narrow edge of the cliff, a misstep was liable to plunge them hundreds of feet below.

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From the top, one obtains a fine view of the Raftsund, on the east side of which, in the foreground, rises the Sneetind, connected with the Digermulkoll, to the left of which are the distant hills of the Lango and other Raftsund mountains. To the southwest, one can overlook the whole of the Vestfjord, with the open sea beyond, while away to the east one can see the mountains on the mainland. Emperor William II. stood upon this rock in 1892, and the place, hallowed by the pressure of his feet, is enclosed by a high iron fence, which suggests what a time we should have in America if we followed the footsteps of our Presidents about the country in like manner with picket fences.

All that night and the next day we were on the North Sea, running southwest along the coast of Norway. Early on the morning of July 12th, we entered the Geiranger Fjord, which was considered by almost all the finest one we had explored. Imagine the grand old mountains towering above you from 4,000 to 5,000 feet in height, many sides of the mountains so precipitous that a cat could hardly hold on, fields of snow on their tops, and gorges and waterfalls innumerable. Occasionally, as we rounded a point, there seemed no outlet for the vessel, and, as we glanced back, it was as if we were imprisoned within mighty walls. Then we passed through a narrow opening, the channel expand-

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SEVEN SISTER FALLS.

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ing and expanding, revealing to our astonished eyes another scene more beautiful than the last.

This fjord is about thirteen miles long, and one of the most beautiful waterfalls throughout its entire length is called the Seven Sisters, from the number of

"THE CHANNEL EXPANDING AND EXPANDING, REVEALING TO OUR EYES ANOTHER SCENE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE LAST."

streams into which it divides, although there were only four at the time of our visit. But the fjord was a constant blending of the wild with the sublime, the silent and peaceful with the joyous, — a mingling of the grand with the beautiful. We passed odd fishing-boats on

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the way, with their red-coloured sails, and occasionally our attention was attracted from the lovely scenery by seals sporting in the waters. I cannot better describe this fjord than by quoting the words of a recent writer on this locality:

"And what a scene it was. Others that I had beheld in Norway were fine, grand, and even sublime, but no adjective has yet been coined that could adequately convey an idea of the stupendous magnificence of the Geiranger Fjord. Perhaps, after all, simple facts will most clearly explain the character of this marvellous scene.

"Imagine then a dark waterway absolutely placid, and in no place more than a few hundred yards wide, bordered on either side by gigantic walls of gray and black granite, from 4,000 to 5,000 feet high. And these mighty precipices extend all along the course of the fjord for many miles, until at last both shores circle around and join in a vast amphitheatre. Under their deep shadows the vessel creeps silently on, while the voices of the passengers are hushed by the solemnity of the spectacle.

"It must surely be impossible to pass through this dark and awful avenue without being profoundly impressed by its weird and grandiose aspect. It is one of those rare scenes of nature which overwhelm the

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Pulpit Rock. Seven Sister Falls.

GEIRANGER FJORD.

"Imagine then a dark waterway absolutely placid, and in no place more than a few hundred yards wide, bordered on either side by gigantic walls."

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mind that contemplates them. Only when the eye has become to some extent familiarized with this truly sublime spectacle, can attention be given to the many details which the passage of the fjord reveals."

The rattle of the chain through the hawser-hole, as our anchor plunged overboard into sixty fathoms of the dark waters of the fjord, at last aroused us from our reveries. We were off the small hamlet of Maraak (sometimes spelled Marok), which nestles around the head of the Geiranger Fjord, and Captain Kaempff afterwards remarked that, had he known the locality was so picturesque, he would have arranged to have tarried longer. We hired a stolkjaerre and drove to the Bellevue Hotel (which overlooks the beautiful fjord), up hill nine hundred feet, by a serpentine-terraced road, which put us very much in mind of the path leading down to Martigny, Switzerland, from the top of the Tête-Noir Pass. Dashing waterfalls and roaring streams crossed the road at many turns, and we met, on the way, English tourists with staff in hand and sketching portfolios, who were evidently located at the various boarding-houses. We walked to the edge of the precipice near the hotel, over six hundred feet high, and cast pebbles down into its depths and noted the time consumed before they fell into the river below. Many of the old houses were covered with turf and grass a foot high,

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which waved from the roofs in the sunlight, and we were informed that goats were often pastured on top. Lovely flowers also grew on top of many of these Arctic houses, and one that we passed was actually blue with wild violets and heartsease. This suggested the possibilities of roof gardens, and, if larger in extent, how they could be arranged for further gratification. On the top of one house was a beech-tree, eight or ten feet high, and we thought how pleasant it would be to have such a crowning feature to our own house on the avenue,

NORWEGIAN SOLACE.

where we could resort, and, in its shade, peruse the latest novel, "nurse" a pipe, or a fragrant Havana. Then fish-ponds could be made, and, if the neighbouring roofs were flat, long in extent, and one's friends accommodating, and of the same mind, game could be introduced, so one would not be obliged to go to the Maine or Adirondack woods for fishing or hunting. It is a rare opportunity for Maraak, as well as many other towns in Norway, and we hope they will profit by our suggestion.

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A NORWEGIAN BRIDE.

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CHAPTER VII.

"Norway's oldest forts and boldest,
Are its mountains high."

—*Hénr. Wergeland.*

Aalesund. — Sogne Fjord. — Naeröe Fjord. — Regret at Leaving the Fjords. — Characteristics of Norwegian Scenery. — Gudvangen. — The Drive to Stalheim. — Kilefos. — Grand View from Stalheim. — On the Road to Vossevangen. — Dinner at Fleicher's Hotel. — Reindeer Meat. — "Mysost." — Travelling Through a Flute. — Railroads in Norway. — Arrival at Bergen.

As we left Maraak and the scenery of the grand Geiranger Fjord, and passed again out to sea, we all felt as if the golden hours were flying by altogether too rapidly, — golden in our daily pleasures and gilded at night with some of the loveliest sunsets it has been our pleasure to witness. Each day's excursion seemed to be so complete in itself that we often retired to our berths with the feeling that this and this day's entertainment could not possibly be again duplicated, only to find that the joys of the next equalled if not surpassed it.

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We swung close to the docks of the town of Aalesund in passing, — and the crowd on shore cheered the vessel, — and in the early hours of the following morning entered the Sogne Fjord, the longest and deepest of all Norwegian fjords, its depth in some places reaching 4,000 feet.

AALESUND — A PARTING VIEW.

Mountains of over 5,000 feet overshadowed and mirrored themselves in its waters, and huge glaciers reached down to the fjord, while other parts of the banks presented a happier character, with luxuriant orchards and waving corn-fields interspersed with pretty dwellings. Through this we entered the Aurlands Fjord, an enormous ravine with precipitous rocky banks many thousand feet in height, and still again into the

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"WE SWUNG CLOSE TO THE DOCKS OF THE TOWN OF AALESUND."

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Naeröe Fjord; and through the entire morning's sail mountains towered above us clad with snow, even in summer, their sides covered with innumerable dashing, roaring waterfalls, whose foam at last flecked the waters of the silent fjord. These were the last views

"AND HUGE GLACIERS REACHED DOWN TO THE FJORD."

that we had of Norway's magnificent fjords and water-courses, and, as we landed at Gudvangen, and looked back, it was with a feeling of sadness and regret that we should see their glories no more; but they were forever stamped indelibly on our memory. We could

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truly sympathise with the modern Christian poet when he wrote:

> "How wonderful creation is!
> The work that Thou did'st bless!
> And, oh, what then must Thou be like,
> Eternal loveliness!"

We have often been asked the difference between the scenery of Norway, and that of Switzerland or other picturesque localities. It cannot be expressed better than by quoting the words of the late journalist, Edward Spender, who eloquently describes its characteristics:

"There are fine mountains in Switzerland, but there is nowhere else such a combination of mountain and ocean; nowhere else in Europe does the snow-clad peak rise directly out of the sea; nowhere else will the traveller find that most distinguishing feature of Norway, the fjord, guarded at its entrance by a breakwater of islands; winding inland through forest-clad hills where the silver birch gleams amidst the sombre pines, and at whose feet lie the greenest of green pastures, dotted with quaint houses; forcing its way further still through the ever-narrowing gorges, down whose sides plunge at one leap countless torrents fed from the great ice-fields overhead.

"Nowhere else in Europe is there such a country of waterfalls as this; cataracts of tremendous volume

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SOGNE FJORD.

"Mountains of over five thousand feet overshadowed and mirrored themselves in its waters."

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and force, far away up among the mountains and requiring a whole day's journey to reach them. Above all, nowhere are there such sunsets as in the country of which we are speaking. The memory of one night in Norway makes one feel how powerless language is to describe the splendour of that evening glory of carmine, and orange, and indigo, which floods not only the heavens, but the sea, and makes the waves beneath our keel a flash of living fire.

"Language cannot paint that wonderful, mystic light, so unspeakably soft and tender, which travels round the northern horizon from west to east, so that one cannot tell where night ends or day begins."

Gudvangen, where the Naerödal changes to the Naeröe Fjord, is another small hamlet at the base of many high hills, of about a dozen houses, the largest of which was the "Grand" Hotel Viking. Here the steamer left us and, firing a parting salute, proceeded down the fjord and around outside to Bergen, where we were to join her two days later.

We were soon nicely located in carrioles, stolkjaerres and barouches, and driven over another of Norway's "good roads," the thirty vehicles of varied patterns, and of varied materials as regards harness (the ever useful rope predominating), producing in the long procession a very amusing appearance. To the right of

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the road ran a foaming mountain stream, and we soon met a tall Scotchman, who, with rod over his shoulder, and gaff in hand, was evidently in pursuit of the salmon in its waters. We afterwards found out that this gentleman had leased the stream at a monthly expense of $300, and, although he was not fortunate in capturing a salmon that afternoon, his creel on returning to the hotel that night contained a goodly lot of trout, from one to two pounds in weight.

After riding for half an hour we all dismounted from the carriages, and commenced a climb of about 1,000 feet to Stalheim, which town consists of a large hotel and one or two houses picturesquely located on a prominent cliff. This we at last reached by sixteen zigzag turns of the road, and a happier crowd of mortals cannot be imagined, as, tired and dusty, we at last gained the elevation. Along the road we stopped once or twice to take breath and admire the Kilefos, a waterfall 1,840 feet in height, which, from its birth among the great boulders, takes one plunge of over five hundred feet. Stalheim is situated over 1,200 feet above the sea, and the view from its rocky eminence is considered the finest inland view in Norway. It is grand, it is magnificent, and we gazed in admiration down the narrow gorge through which we had come, flanked by mountains from 3,000 to over 4,000 feet high, while

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NAERÖE FJORD.

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projecting into the valley were a series of great gray and slate-coloured spurs, the most prominent among them being the famous Jordalsnut, dome-shaped, of 3,600 feet.

STALHEIM FROM GUDVANGEN.

"Reached by sixteen turns of the road, and a happier crowd of mortals cannot be imagined, as, tired and dusty, we at last gained the elevation."

Away to the right the Kaldafjeld raises its perpendicular head to a height of 4,265 feet, and, between these great hills, one can follow with the eye the swift-rushing stream which we had crossed in the ascent.

After supper at the hotel, which was filled with English tourists dressed in knickerbockers, and who

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were evidently "doing" the country on foot, we wandered to the top of the hills above the town and enjoyed the fine view through the Naerödal Valley, as well as to the south, looking towards Opheims. Although the weather looked very threatening the next morning, and a dash or two of rain compelled us to retreat for a while to the protection of umbrellas and waterproofs, the sun soon appeared, almost apologizing for its attempt to break its record for the past fifteen days.

Entering our carriages, we left the Stalheim Hotel at 8.30 A. M., for a four hours' drive of twenty-two miles over the road to Vossevangen (sometimes abbreviated to Voss) through a charming and well-cultivated region. We passed beside numerous quick-flowing streams, waterfalls, and lakes, and often met peasant women with heavy knapsacks on their backs, and others arrayed in peculiar fluted black bonnets; which latter adornment, of course, greatly interested the ladies of our party. Magpies, dressed in black and white plumage, and crows with gray bodies and black wings and tails, like those we had seen in Egypt, were numerous. A premium of about two cents a head is offered for them by the Norwegian Government, but, on account of the kindness of the people, they are seldom killed.

Occasionally we stopped to cull the pretty blue-bells, and the beautiful white spirea (cultivated in our gar-

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THE KILEFOS.

(1840 feet in height.)

"Which, from its birth among the great boulders, takes one plunge of over five hundred feet."

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dens with so much care, but here growing wild in great bunches) running over the fields and far away.

Along the Opheims Vand we drove, stopping for a brief half hour at Vinje to rest the horses; then

OFF FOR VOSSEVANGEN.

on we went, crossing and recrossing the Vossestrandselv, and descended to Tvinde. But the sun having now appeared in all its glory, we tarried a brief moment at the beautiful Tindefos, the finest fall to be seen on this drive.

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It thundered down into the valley from a great height, and broke up at its foot into such a mass of water, that its spray and mist were driven into our faces as we sat in the carriage. Then there were vistas of a lake, then a river, then another fall, and bits of

FLEICHER'S HOTEL, VOSSEVANGEN.

hill, and forest, and meadow, and, as we rolled along, we obtained some idea of farm life in Norway.

At noon we rolled into the town of Vossevangen, passed many groups of soldiers, in silver ornamented gray uniforms and helmets, mounted officers in blue

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THE NAERÖDAL VALLEY FROM STALHEIM.

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and gold, and drew up at last at 2 P. M., at Fleicher's Hotel, our appetite well sharpened by the long ride, for a good dinner. This meal was well cooked, and well served, and we had the pleasure of tasting, for

VOSSEVANGEN FROM PIAZZA OF FLEICHER'S HOTEL.

the first time, reindeer meat, which was not at all like venison, but more like good beefsteak.

At the close of the dinner we were served with a peculiar kind of brown or chocolate-coloured cheese, called "mysost," made from goat's milk. It was pleasant

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to the taste, but entirely lacked odour, and in the little brown cakes it resembled soap more than anything else.

A good story is told of a Norwegian who desired to send to a friend in Germany some delicacies of the

RAILROAD FROM VOSSEVANGEN TO BERGEN.
"Which gave one the impression of passing through a flute."

country, among which he put a cake of this cheese. His friend wrote and thanked him for the fish, etc., and added: "The soap is very nice; but we find great difficulty in making it lather." After dinner we

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strolled about the town, which is situated on Vangsvand Lake, and in a well cultivated region, — in fact is a large contributor of fruit and vegetables to the Bergen

"NOWHERE ELSE IN EUROPE DOES THE SNOW-CLAD PEAK RISE DIRECTLY OUT OF THE SEA."

market. The view from the hotel piazza on to Lake Vangsvand is extremely picturesque, and the old church hard by has a very ancient history.

Then, an hour and a half later, we took the cars,

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fully as comfortable as any on European railroads (which is very little in their praise), and, after travelling sixty-six miles and rolling through fifty-five tunnels, which gave one the impression of passing through a flute, we were landed at about 7 P. M. at the station in Bergen.

Railroads are scarce in Norway, and a luxury, the country being altogether too mountainous, and the longest is from Trondhjem to Christiania, a distance of three hundred and forty-seven miles.

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A NORWEGIAN YEOMAN.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"Nothing we see but means our good
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure."

Bergen, Ancient and Modern. — Shopping for Souvenirs. — The Children and Their Schools. — The Markets. — The Hanseatic Museum. —Fantoft Church. — Lovely Drives and Jehu's Skill. — Ole Bull's Grave. — Speeding the Parting Guest. — Poem by William Allen Butler. — Good-by to Norway.

BERGEN is one of the oldest and most picturesque cities in Norway, of almost 54,000 inhabitants, and was founded in 1070.

It is also one of the richest trading cities of this country, and it extends in a crescent shape between seven high mountain peaks around the spacious basin with which the fjord here terminates. "In the Middle Ages, and, during the Hanseatic league, it was the seat of a very extensive commerce. The German traders, who founded Bergen, had made it almost entirely a German town. Great German fleets often anchored

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here to sustain the power of their countrymen. The commerce with Hamburg and Lubeck drew thousands of traders thither every year to exchange merchandise and wares for fish and wood.

"Although Germany yet chiefly supplies Norway with foreign importations, at that period the trade, to a much greater extent, lay in German hands. Although Bergen could no longer be called a conquest, and no German man-of-war visited its harbour, and the power of the proud Hansa was broken, and the Norwegians themselves had subdued the haughty German trading lords into peaceful fellow citizens, yet the larger part of the merchants were Germans, who owned the great warehouses, and monopolized the principal part of the business of the place. The long row of houses on the west side of the harbour, before which lay the places for discharging cargoes, was called the German Bridge. Here anchored the Nordland fleet several times during the year with codfish and salted fish, liver-oil, furs, and feathers; here the numerous herring-boats unloaded in the midst of winter, when the rich fishery of Skudenaes was in activity; here, in small, dark, arched counting-houses, had a profitable and extensive business been carried on with the adjacent and remoter countries of Europe.

"The whole side of the harbour was surrounded by

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BERGEN.

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monstrous warehouses, which were so built as to overhang the water, and enable the anchored vessels to take in their cargoes from the numerous stories.

"When the yachts had landed their contents, they came to anchor under the magazines, where they took in the various assortment of articles which made up a cargo for Finnmark and Nordland. In the midst of the broad basin lay ships of all nations, — Italians, French, Spaniards, and Portuguese, together with many German craft, all of which were waiting the arrival of the Nordland fleet, whose crew they hailed with far-echoing shouts."

Bergen of to-day contains churches and banks, hotels and shops, museums, art galleries, theatres, parks, and has the general aspect of a modern town. We hurried across the town soon after our arrival, knowing we should, in our tarry of two days, have plenty of opportunity to examine it more closely. Out in the harbour lay our beautiful steamer, and, having enjoyed its comforts and appointments so long, it aroused a sort of homelike feeling within us. A signal from the dock brought the launches to our assistance, and we received a most hearty welcome from the officers, even after so brief an absence.

The two days allowed at Bergen were well spent, and, although we failed to climb all of the seven hills

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which surround it, we drove to many high elevations, which gave us a commanding view of the beautiful city. We visited the art gallery, the museums, the aquarium, (of course the bank), and then the stores, investing in transparent enamel silver jewelry, and articles of household adornment, dolls in the costume of the country, native embroidery, carved ivory models of carrioles, stolkjaerres, and curious knives in wood, also very fine ones of steel, etched and enamelled with the flag or coat-of-arms of the country. We expected the price for furs would be very low, but the contrary was the fact, although it would probably be difficult to find anywhere as fine eider-down rugs.

On account of its size there is, of course, more life to be seen on the streets of Bergen than in any town we had visited. We met many groups of happy children going to and from school, with their books in knapsacks strapped over their backs in military fashion.

Great attention is paid to education in Norway, especially at Bergen, in evidence of which we quote from Du Chaillu in his "Land of the Midnight Sun." He writes:

"One of the pleasantest sights which strikes a stranger in Scandinavia, is to see the number of children going to school; and Bergen is no exception. The whole juvenile population turns out every morn-

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VIEW OF BERGEN FROM STEAMER.

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ing. The oldest school building, founded in 1738, is of stone. Instruction there is free.

"In another part of the town is a larger and more modern school for the free instruction of boys, having a gymnasium. The upper part of the building is used for boys' and girls' classes. The school hours are from nine to twelve, and from three to five. One of the

BERGEN. — LANDING OF THE NAPHTHA LAUNCHES.

most valuable institutions is the free industrial school, where poor girls are taught the arts of female industry. It is an establishment of which Bergen may well be proud, and which every city ought to possess. The ages of the scholars range from seven to sixteen years. All work together in groups or classes, according to their proficiency, making dresses and shirts, hemming,

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stitching, knitting, darning, under the care of faithful and competent teachers. This school has over five hundred pupils.

"Three hours each day are given to study, and three to lessons in the use of the needle, etc. The girls receive a fair rudimentary education, and, at the same

DECORATED WOODEN MARKET BASKET.

time, learn how to take care of themselves and their families."

The markets are always among the interesting sights of a city, and those of Bergen were particularly attractive. Old women, in the national costume, were selling baskets, fruit, vegetables, brushes, and canes, while children importuned one at every turn to invest in beauti-

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BERGEN. — ALONG THE DOCKS.

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ful bunches of roses for twenty-five öre. Along the wharves were arranged great tanks of salt water, filled with live fish. There were red fish, brown fish, codfish, mackerel, and a fish that looked like our red grouper, but with a smaller head. One fish, of about two pounds in weight, was arrayed in a beautiful dress of peacock-blue and green, with a vest inclining to salmon colour, and all these fish were darting and splashing about in the tanks, except when they were interrupted in their movements by a purchaser and an adroit use of the net, which landed them outside on the ground.

But one of the most entertaining places was the Hanseatic house or museum, which stands in the Finnegaard on the Tydskebrygge. It is the last remaining habitation once occupied by that notorious ring of German traders who settled down in Bergen in the fourteenth century, and monopolized its commerce for some two or three hundred years until their power was finally broken in the eighteenth century. All the other houses have been burnt or otherwise destroyed, and this was the only one left standing. We climbed up to a room in the second story, about eight by fifteen feet square, and were shown a large number of curious articles formerly used by these old merchants. There were scales and weights, the latter being of two sorts, one for buying, and one for selling, clocks, lanterns,

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candlesticks, snuff-boxes, washing-bowls, drinking-cups and tankards, machines for chopping cabbage, and staves with bags for making collections in church. We were also shown lamps that were fed with cod-liver oil, not then used for medicinal purposes, decorations made of strips of dried codfish, and the arms of the league—half an eagle and half a cod, the latter surmounted by a crown which undoubtedly suggested the origin of the

NORWEGIAN BRASS-MOUNTED KNIFE.

term "codfish aristocracy." Then, up a dark, rickety stairway, we continued our climb to the third story, and were shown the merchants' business office, and the apartments for the clerks, and bedrooms for all. These last were the most curious of the whole suite, for the beds are constructed like the berths of a ship, and are closed on one side with hinged or sliding doors, while on the other shutters open to a passage beyond, to enable the female domestics to make the beds without entering the men's rooms. The Hanseatic community

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BERGEN. — THE MARKET.

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was supposed to be strictly celibate, in order to prevent its members from intermarrying with Norwegians, and thus allowing the natives to obtain a share of the monopolized trade.

Then we drove over a magnificent road, called the

BERGEN. — ALONG THE DOCKS.

Drammeors-Vei, and up a high hill, where a beautiful panorama lay before us of the entire city and harbour, the shipping from many countries, and the grand old mountains beyond.

Then, out into the suburbs we rattled, and stopped at the old Fantoft Church, erected in 1248. It is com-

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posed of wood, and is of a strange style of ancient architecture.

For many centuries it stood at Fortun, on the Sogne Fjord, but was finally preserved from destruction by the public spirit of a director of the Bergen museum, who purchased and removed it to its present location. But we were unable to gain access to its interior, and had to be contented with photographing its exterior; and returned to the city feeling as if the long two hours' drive hardly compensated for the trouble, but it was one of the sights of Bergen. The noise made by the drivers in starting and stopping their horses was very peculiar. In the former case it sounded like the sudden snort of a bull moose in the Maine woods, and, in the latter, like the sharp purring of a cat, while the jehus almost ran their horses down hill, and did not chain their wheels together or attach a big log of wood, as they often do on almost a dead level in other parts of Europe. On our return from the church, we tarried at Ole Bull's grave, in one of the large cemeteries, marked by a beautiful bronze vase five feet in height.

> "All hail! thou blessedest bard of song,
> Divine thy bow."

Then on to the city and past the fields, where we saw numbers of the women for the last time in

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ON THE STRANDGADEN. — PRINCIPAL STREET OF BERGEN.

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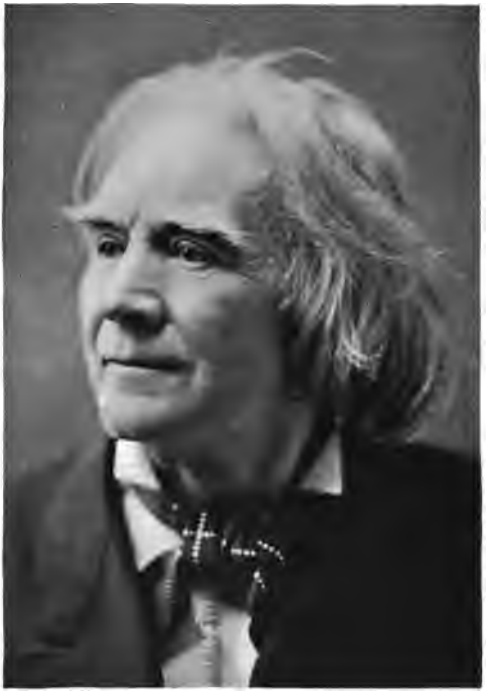
their picturesque dress of silver-ornamented red waists, and peculiar white bonnets, raking hay and tossing it upon the high picket-fences to dry. As we stepped



OLE BULL.

"All hail! thou blessedest bard of song,
Divine thy bow."

into the steamer's naphtha launch, awaiting our arrival at the dock, we felt as if two days were hardly sufficient to give one a complete idea of this charming city.

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The passengers were all on board the ship promptly at 6.30 P. M. The last carved tankard, the last enamelled pin, the last souvenir spoon, had been purchased and carefully tucked away in the dark recesses of our trunks, safe from the curious eyes of custom-house

CARVED WOOD TANKARD.

inspectors, and we patiently awaited the tripping of the anchor and our departure from the port.

Soon the signal was given and passed to the sailor at the stern, who stood impatiently holding the lanyard. A pull, and the flame and smoke shot out of our cannon, and its thunder echoed along the water and

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FANTOFT CHURCH.—ERECTED IN 1248.

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along the shore, and was re-ëchoed from the rocks above. Then Fort Bergenhus, on a point that we passed, fired from the great guns on its parapet an answering salute, in comparison with which, the noise of our cannon seemed but as the explosion of a fire-cracker to a dynamite shell, and the band for the last

BERGEN HARBOUR.—OUR STEAMER ON THE RIGHT OF THE VIEW.

time played the Norwegian national air, "Minstrel, Awaken," which we had learned to love, from its associations with its native land. Away we flew, amid the smoke of the cannon and the cheers of the crowd, bidding, at last, adieu to the grandest, the most interesting, and most picturesque country in all Europe. The realization of its actual scenery had been far, very far,

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beyond our most sanguine expectations. Norway is a land to think of and to dream of for many a long year to come.

We were on the ocean and out of sight of land all the following day, but the great North Sea was as

BERGEN HARBOUR AND FORT BERGENHUS IN THE DISTANCE.

smooth as the trite "mill-pond," a circumstance which gave us an opportunity, before reaching Hamburg next morning, to rest in our easy steamer chairs after the excitements of the past three weeks, and rest our eyes from the constant strain of the continued twenty-

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four hours of daylight. That and the loss of sleep had been the only drawbacks of the trip to the land of the midnight sun.

But our pleasures were not quite exhausted, for the "Captain's Dinner" (the last on board) was an occasion at which we tried to show our appreciation of the excursion, and reciprocate in a small measure the many favours received from the hands of Captain Kaempff and his officers.

At that dinner, which will not soon be forgotten, Mr. William Allen Butler, of the New York Bar, the author of "Nothing to Wear," and many other pleasing contributions to the press, read the following beautiful poem, which was inspired by a night's experience in one of the fjords.

THE CAPTAIN'S CHASE FOR THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

JULY 7.

SOUTHWARD, gray peaks rise flecked with snow,
  Their rifted sides all fringed with green;
On mountain breast and waves below
  Gleams one bright strip of sunset sheen;
Northward, deep gloom the sky enshrouds,
  And, save that lone ray shot afar,
The sun is chained in heavy clouds,
  A king behind a prison bar.

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Though still her westward course is free,
  With sudden swing, our noble ship
No longer seeks the open sea,
  But steers for yonder sunlit strip;
And while we start, in mute surprise,
  To see this new, strange course begun,
Hark! from the bridge the captain cries,
  "To-night we chase the Midnight Sun!"

Last night from off the grim "Nord Cap"
  A denser cloud-belt loomed on high;
To-night the dusky folds enwrap,
  With lighter grasp, a lower sky;
Above their edge a bright ray streams
  And lights and cheers yon shining space,
Once there, we too shall share its beams;
  And so the Midnight Sun we chase.

Well pleased we sail, for he knows best,
  Our Captain, whom we all obey,
To North, or South, or East, or West,
  We follow where he points the way;
True seaman bold, at whose command
  All risks we brave, all dangers shun;
Through sea, or strait, by shoal, or strand,
  We 'll chase, with him, the Midnight Sun.

Vain quest! the glittering line recedes, —
  We follow on; it glides before, —
With phantom dance it lures and leads
  And beckons to the rock-bound shore;

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Yet southward still we slowly sail,
  And landward points our steady prow,
As though its steel-clad beak would scale
  The snow-tipped mountain's gleaming brow.

Too late! the midnight bells have rung;
  Too late! the cloud-bar tarries yet;
Seaward, once more, our ship is swung,
  The Midnight Sun in gloom has set!
Still, lingering on the decks, we wait,
  Or sadly vanish, one by one;
Alas! is this the hopeless fate
  Of those who chase the Midnight Sun?

Look! Look! The captive king has torn
  His riven chain in scattered rifts,
Full-orbed, and free, in midnight morn,
  The sun his flaming disk uplifts.
"The sun! The sun!" The cry rings out,
  The chase is o'er, the goal is won,
From sea to sky a joyous shout,
  For we have found the Midnight Sun.

While from his chamber in the north,
  From this his blazing Arctic throne,
New crowned, the bridegroom king goes forth
  To light the globe, from zone to zone;
To us he grants this perfect day
  And floods its hours with cloudless light,
In regal splendour guides our way,
  With noontide pomp from morn till night.

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As from a golden beaker's brim,
  All day, undimmed, his radiance pours;
Till, far above the ocean rim,
  He slowly sinks, and sets, and soars;
And thus, by Tromsöe's tranquil shore,
  Where earliest dawn with midnight blends,
A dream of joy, forever more,
  Our golden day in glory ends.

THE END.

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